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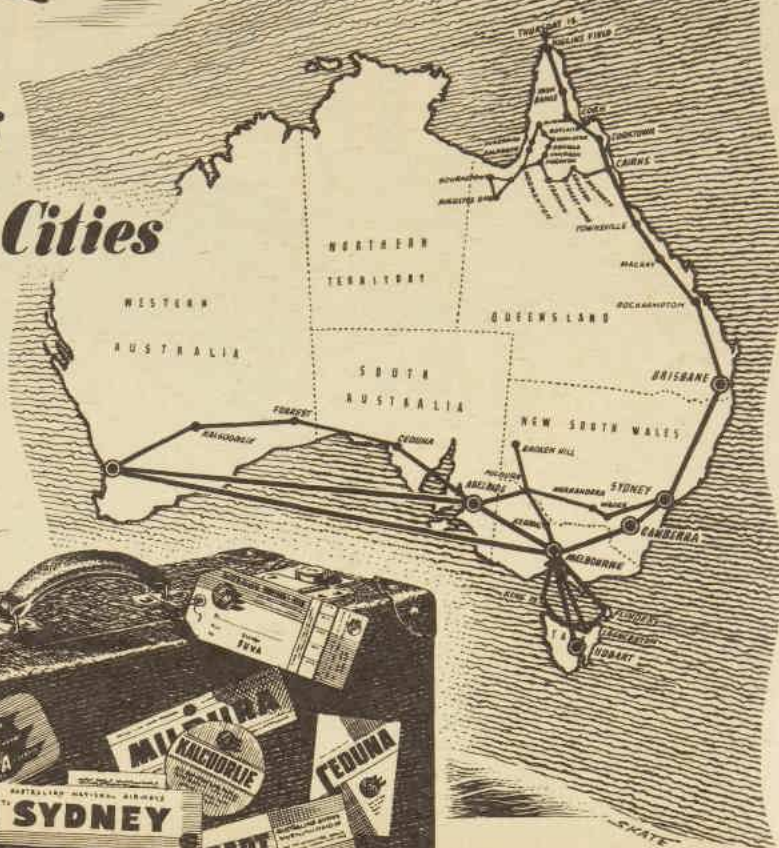
DECEMBER 14, 1946

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AMERICAN HATS — Page 11

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WING YOUR WAY WITH



RENDEZVOUS

By GRACE AMUNDSON 10 DEC 1946

BRON TERBANKA eyed the columnist sitting opposite to him. "You may have a right to know more," he said. "But what more can I tell you? I have come to Salt Springs as part of an international rehabilitation delegation. This afternoon we meet for the final time."

"My readers want a more intimate picture of you, Mr. Terbanka," the columnist replied. "As a diplomat you struck a response the first visit you made. The people want to hear something—well, a little more personal. Say, for instance, how matters stand between yourself and Marysia Gayshdor."

Terbanka winced, then asked slowly, "How would your readers prefer matters to stand, Mr. Salter?" Salter eyed him deliberately. "Marysia Gayshdor was the wife of the wealthiest industrialist in your country, I believe. She is recognised for what she is—an ambitiously beautiful woman. For a while it looked as if she might enter the diplomatic field and become Mrs. Bron Terbanka. People hate to see a good man get a bad break, Terbanka. They suffered for you."

"How good of them!" murmured Terbanka. "Then your reasons for being seen with Marysia Gayshdor were strategic rather than personal?"

Bron Terbanka smiled. "My dear fellow, he managed, 'what difference could it make now?'"

"That's precisely what my readers want to know. They've grown to rely on your judgment, especially about the future of Europe. And now suddenly, on a day which should be an omen for things to come, Marysia turns up here."

Terbanka's only evidence of surprise was the flinching of his left fist behind his back. "Really?" he said, with grave courtesy.

"Then, from your standpoint, it's pure coincidence?"

"In the diplomatic service," Terbanka remarked, "it is the most elementary wisdom that you trust no woman, not even a wife."

There was a touch of humor in his rich voice. He turned and looked out of the window of his conference room. Off to the left the town hugged the plain, and the assorted tents of a circus sagged with the intense sun.

The place was a hive of rumors; men of State moved about, followed by queues of clerical lackeys and poised women. And into the midst of it—on this of all days—Marysia, the most poised and rumored-about of all!

"Then one can safely report there has never been any woman greater than the

issues of State?" Salter said lookingly.

"One, perhaps," said Terbanka, looking thoughtfully at the circus tents. "I worked too hard that year. They sent me to a sanitarium back in my own country. I think what endeared her to me most was her devotion to me. She was younger than I, though we both liked the same things: walking, talking and the circus. As I remember, she pledged herself to me, but, of course, I could do nothing about it in my circumstance. It's rather exhausting keeping up with the career of a nine-year-old, and even her name is gone from me now."

Salter got up to leave and paused at the door on his way out; he was laughing. "I admire you, Terbanka, even if you won't give me what I want. Maybe one of these days, though, something will happen, which the public will want to know about and which you can't explain. It does happen, Terbanka. You can hand me riddles instead of sentiment now, but some day you'll go too far."

TERBANKA heard his secretary come in and begin to tidy his desk.

"Mr. Salter was the last appointment this morning, if you wish to go to lunch now," she said.

"I am lurching alone, Miss Janisch," said Terbanka. It struck him suddenly that it had been comforting this last week to have Miss Janisch about with her tomboyish naturalness, and that husky whimsey with which she disposed of pompous dispatches, and priggish people.

"It was good of you to be so willing to come to the conference, Miss Janisch," he said. "It's much work and red tape. Especially for a young woman who should have more exciting things to do."

"Excitement is for those people who are still hunting for what they want," she said, and yet Terbanka thought he detected a wisp of sigh.

He swung round and surveyed her. She was attractive; slim and grey-eyed, with shining brown curls. "How long have you been with me, Miss Janisch?"

"Two months," she replied.

"And you are how old, Janina Janisch?"

"Twenty-four."

"Incredible."

"You think I'm older?"

"I think you are a young fool, Janina Janisch. Take your youth and get out of this before life forgets about you. Spend every year of it. Spend it even unwisely, but spend it. Otherwise you will rot in this thing you call a career. Without a husband, without love, without life. It will crucify you. Believe me, I know!"

As though she had not even heard him, Janina said methodically: "This afternoon the last conference. And dinner alone, Mr. Terbanka?"

"Dinner alone," he mumbled, turning away.

"It is neither necessary nor diplomatic for you to have dinner alone, Mr. Terbanka. You are the most important man here."

"That is why I have dinner alone."

he said. "If you are important, you cannot afford to indulge in dinner companions."

"Is it wise to be so much alone?"

Terbanka stared at her strangely, thinking that if he had known such an honest girl as Janina Janisch twenty years before he would not be so alone at forty-two.

Janina examined a sheaf of papers with protracted care. "This morning I met Madame Gayshdor checking into the hotel," she said casually.

Bron Terbanka did not answer. He hitched his cane unpeccably over his wrist, and it would have been difficult to determine whether or not he had an opinion on the arrival of Madame Gayshdor.

He was walking rapidly across the plaza on his way to the luncheon terrace when he heard a voice unmistakably Marysia's: "Bron—do wait! You can't possibly be in such a hurry."

Terbanka came to a dead stop, and for a moment before he turned he hated himself. This was the old enchantment, another beginning to which there was no recognisable future. For the sake of his work he should keep going; or he might say, "Marysia, I have loved you enough to shatter my soul to its depths. Let me forget we do not believe the same things." Instead he said, "With you in pursuit, Marysia, one must hurry or be caught."

"Bron—Bron," she reproved. "Are you repudiating me? I have not heard from you in a month, since the afternoon you refused to escort me to the Czernys' reception."

"Marysia, I've told you before—we don't belong together at such affairs."

"I suppose you're trying to tell me I'm too international," she flared.

"Oh, Marysia, now!" Terbanka shook his head sadly. "It is not just one thing. You are too much of too many things. You are too beautiful for security, too wealthy for stability. I must fight not only you, but your excesses. It was not simple to let you go."

"Aha!" she breathed softly. "You see, you have admitted it."

He looked vaguely past her in the direction of the town where the faint echo of the circus band wafted through the afternoon haze. "One can admit the ache and still suffer from it, is it not so?"

Marysia took a step nearer him. "The world will be getting back to normal soon, Bron. We could do great things together. You have everything except atmosphere, and I could give you that. There's no mystery about you, for one thing. You're always so correct. Bron—look at me. We belong together—now, this very afternoon."

"There's the final conference after lunch."

"To the deuce with the conference!" Her eyes flashed. "Let the attaché present your resolutions. He's useless enough anyway."

Besides, you're tired—so tired one could jump poodles through the hoops about your eyes."

"I am rather," he admitted weakly.

Marysia took a deep breath of triumph and regarded him with sultry eyes. "To-morrow it will be on the tongue of everyone. Where was Bron Terbanka during the last conference? And behold, you have mystery—you have atmosphere! It is as simple as that."

Please turn to page 10



She read the column with absorbed interest, not even glancing up from it.

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a gift of Cyclax! So consummately acceptable because it shows discernment. You'll find lovely Cyclax presentations in first-class Stores throughout the country, gifts ranging from a single Lipstick to a Coffret of Home Treatment Preparations or that Cyclax Beauty Case she's wanted so earnestly for so long.

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LITTLE GIRLS waiting for someone to love them. Children like their dolls to look as much like real little girls as possible. Doll-makers help by taking care to reflect in their dressing the current trends of children's fashion. A few boy dolls are made, but for some reason girl dolls are preferred.

A DOLL FOR CHRISTMAS



ASSEMBLY LINE principle regulates continual flow of work to factory's 30-odd hands, who produce 800 to 1000 dolls weekly for nation-wide distribution.



WOOD WOOL or clean flock fills the calico body, upper leg, and arm. New plastic hands, feet, and faces are unbreakable and can be rubbed over with damp cloth.

THE doll on the Christmas tree still looks the most wonderful and desirable of all possible presents to the little girl who is standing beneath it.

For the past six months manufacturers have been making an all-out drive to supply the doll market fully, so that for the first time for nearly seven years there will be a doll on every Christmas tree.

Mrs. Vera Kent, who has been manufacturing dolls for the past 15 years, had this to say when interviewed at her Drummoyle, Sydney, factory:

"Most of our workers have children, some have grandchildren of their own. Making and dressing dolls is nothing new to them. And with Christmas coming we don't have to worry about absenteeism."

Mrs. Kent pointed out that the new plastic dolls are going to make things a whole lot easier for both mothers and children. For one thing, they can't be broken.

"Child psychologists should welcome this," she said, "as the possession of a really expensive china-headed prewar doll often depressed and frightened sensitive children, who became obsessed with the dread that they would break it."

"To-day there are children of seven years whose mothers were able to buy them only wartime austerity dolls, or perhaps none at all. That is why the trade is doing everything it can to get back to 1939 standards as quickly as possible."

Miss Z. Ellis, who regulates the flow of work to the tables, was until recently a dress designer, en-



GAY COLORED calico for dresses is obtained under Government licence. Makers find trimmings like ribbon, organdie, themselves.



gaged in making garments up to S.O.S. fittings. To-day the dresses she handles are seldom more than six inches long, and definitely S.S.W.

"I like it," she said. "I just can't get over the thrill of working with these tiny dresses."

Sleepers, or sleeping dolls, have always possessed a tremendous fascination for their owners. Doll hospitals report that a steady flow of work comes their way as the result of small mothers giving in to the temptation of investigating the mechanism of their darlings.

Black-face "Topsy" dolls have always been reasonably popular with children, but a country buyer from a town with a fairly large aboriginal population said recently that no dark-skinned child would dream of having anything but a fair doll.

Assistants in toy departments say that eight times out of ten mothers buy dolls with hair and eye color most nearly resembling that of their own children. But auburn-haired dolls are a rarity.

The real baby doll, dressed in long christening robes and complete with bib and dummy, has an enormous appeal for motherly children.

But perhaps no dolls have enjoyed the popularity of the "Shirley Temple" dolls which were marketed at the height of Shirley's film fame.

Before a new type of doll is introduced to the market, an enormous amount of preliminary work goes into its creation.

First the type of doll has to be decided, its coloring, hair, and wardrobe carefully thought out. Its particular characteristics have to be thoroughly weighed against the maker's knowledge of children's demands. And finally it must be named. For its future owner will love a doll that has its own special name.

TIRED BUT HAPPY. This Christmas for the first time many children will know the joy of a really pretty, cuddly doll.

WOMEN WORKERS (right), many of them grandmothers, like making dolls. This is early stage, making dolls' legs.



CUTTING OUT is done by power machine. Real patterns, designed to fit each size of doll, are used just as in grown-up dressmaking.



BONNETS TIE ON. Half the pleasure in owning a doll is to dress and undress it. Kent-made dolls have easily removable clothing.

SNIP! SNIP! go this worker's scissors as she puts the finishing touches on still another Christmas doll. Real white socks are a "must" for nearly all dolls to-day. They are made from bulk cuttings bought from singlet manufacturers, cut down, and stitched.

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**BABY
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WELCOME ADVICE
TO BUSY MOTHERS

No one in the world is more busy than the mother of a tiny baby, but she doesn't mind so long as her little one is healthy and happy.

Health and happiness are the natural outcome of regularity. If the little system is kept functioning correctly from the beginning, so much anxiety can be avoided. So why not get Steedman's Powders right away?

Known to three generations, Steedman's are universally recognised as the safest and gentlest aperient from teething time to fourteen years. Promoting healthy regularity without harmful purging, they are obtainable everywhere. Look for the double EE on the wrapper to be sure you get the genuine Steedman's.

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women who never grow old
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*The Fragrance
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for **HIM**

SMART GIFTS FOR MEN

He'll reserve a place of honour for the girl and the gift
when you give him a Christy Gift Set. Designed for the
debonair.



WHEN the elephant came to Gordon's tent and thumped on the ground, chirruping and cooing to attract his attention, frightened frogs and insects stopped their chorus, but the snores in nearby tents went on unbroken.

After a day's work installing a manifold valve system in the new pipeline it would take more than an elephant to disturb this camp, and only Gordon, who had stayed up drinking beer, cursing the Burmese heat and writing a letter home, was still awake.

Besides, if anyone had seen the elephant they would have concluded that he belonged here. There were a lot of them used by the teak men under contract to supply the British Army engineers.

That was the reason why Gordon was not especially startled, even though the intruder came right up to the open flap of the door. Doubtless he had come snooping for food, like the monkeys. But then the lantern lighted the corrugated hide and glittered on a wet black streak. Obviously the elephant had been wounded.

The reason for this visitation was clear now. Late that afternoon one of the mechanics had been brought here for first aid for a cut foot. The smell of drugs still clung in the dank air of the tent, and these timber elephants knew what drugs were for.

They associated the smell with the soothing of saddle sores, the syringing and dressing of thorn or rock wounds. With this obvious explanation, Gordon let go his held breath and felt better.

He went to the door. In the band of lantern light he could see the full height of the beast, which was well over nine feet. Obviously he was of the first-grade Kumeria type generally used for ceremonials instead of timber.

Gordon had never seen him before, or he would have remembered that stump of a broken tusk, the ragged ears and the torn-off tail—all of which meant that this was an habitual fighter.

The wound was not from fighting other elephants, however. Black drops oozed from a little hole and chased one another down the off forefoot while the trunk kept pointing at the spot, pecking and nibbling. Apparently it bothered the bull so much that he had rolled on the ground, for his side was covered with brown dust.

Gordon was not sure whether it would be safe to doctor him even though he had once seen a teak man lance an abscess without eliciting more than a hoot and a squeal. As it happened he had no choice, for the elephant's head was lowered and thrust into the tent's door, his little eyes as red as fire.

It might be risky to swab out the wound and pour in sulphur powder, but there was greater risk in turning and trying to dash under the back flap of the tent. Such a show of panic, in fact, any unnatural movement, might excite the tusker and provoke him to action.

Gordon got his first-aid kit. The elephant stood at the tent door as docile as an old dray horse while he poured cold water in a basin, sopped some cotton waste and washed the hide round the wound. The dust seemed to be clotted thickly, but he was afraid to scrub too hard for the elephant was getting fidgety.

This might have been due to the sound of a car rattling to a stop out there on the road. A man had jumped out and was running.

"Oh, Captain Gordon, sir!" a voice cried. "Is everything as it should be, sir?"

Gordon called back softly, casually. "I'm just doctoring an elephant. Nothing to get excited about."

"I was afraid for the moment, sir. A wild tusker is on a rampage and has killed some buffalo herders a few miles from here." The man came out in the glare of his own headlights and Gordon recognized him.

He was one of the officers of the Indian battalion that was muzzling the way for the pipeline.

"The headman of the village tried to stop him with a gas-pipe gun," he went on. "Worst thing he could do, of course—to shoot him without killing him. He'll be back for his revenge, no doubt."



Gordon whirled round as he heard the tusker give a little squeal almost like a chuckle.

THE RAMPAGE

There was a silence, and then the officer went on, "Naturally I thought for a moment—but no, of course not! You've got a tame elephant there, quite obviously."

Gordon had stopped on the point of pouring in the sulphur powder, his eyes fixed on the rough hide. His first thought was to get his holstered gun, but he had slung it on the foot of the cot when he first came in that night. It was still there, at the wrong end of the cot, almost under the elephant's chin.

In a tight soft voice he called out to the officer, "Have you a gun there—on your hip?"

"Have I a—gun? Then you are in trouble! It is—can it be—Vishnu protect me! He's the wild one!" The officer jumped, almost losing his turban as he whirled. A moment later the car started banging, the gears rattled. The Hindu did not stop to turn the car. He just kept going.

"I scared him, asking for a gun," Gordon mumbled through lips that had begun to sweat. "He thinks I'm in trouble, but I'm not in trouble." He said it aloud, keeping up a toneless chatter as one will when bridling a fractious horse. "You're a tame elephant, but that Hindu thought you're wild."

He had sopped some cotton and was washing the second wound. But he could not rub the dust from the hide, he discovered slowly. There was no dust; he was trying to rub out the color of the hide itself.

This was not the hide of a tame elephant that has been blackened with brush and oil; it was the brown of the wild herds.

He took a breath to shout, but checked himself, noticing the red eyes fixed on him. The trunk was weaving slowly like the leg of

a mule with the weight shifted so it can get in a good kick.

Instead of shouting, Gordon kept talking as he swabbed and worked.

"A wild elephant wouldn't come to a tent to have his wounds dressed. A tame one might, but I wouldn't even believe that—except that it's happening to me."

He saw the lead sling in the wound embedded in the hide. His hands were shaking, but a desperate impulse seized him. He stuck in both fingers and screwed the slug out.

He sank back on a camp stool, shaking and sick, while the elephant rolled up his trunk and blew in his own ear—a sign of extreme pleasure.

This was the moment to make a break! It was safer to sneak out than to reach for that holstered gun under the elephant's chin.

Gordon backed off the stool, picked up the basin, and pretended to sop a wad of cotton. He reached the back of the tent, a distance of several yards, then squatted to the ground, and with his free hand groped behind his back for the canvas. He caught it, pulled it up so he could have just room enough to slide out.

The tusker was watching fascinated, his triangular lower lip jutting out in a sort of idiotic grin.

"I've got to be natural," Gordon kept telling himself. "I can't do anything awkward."

He shoved himself back inch by inch until the tent wall belied behind him. The elephant was watching with eyes that were practically twinkling. Then reaching across the full length of the tent, its trunk nosed along the man's head.

Gordon jumped then, twisted like

a caught fish, ducked under the flap.

He was out in the open air at last. But as he prepared to sprint he felt, rather than saw, a black shadow slipping around the side of the tent. The trunk reached out and tapped him gently on the shoulder.

He tried to believe that this was all a joke. He was like a man who, knowing he is dreaming, tries desperately to wake up. He had fallen asleep while writing that letter home he told himself. He was writing about something that had frustrated him—something very lovely.

He met a girl, a Wren from Rangoon, but she would not look at him. He lacked the glamor of hundreds of other men in Burma. When he talked about petroleum distribution, she talked about shooting grouse in the Mandalay rice-fields, or deer in the Mokong Valley. He had never shot anything, not even a Jap.

And that was why he was dreaming about shooting a wild elephant. It had every earmark of a nightmare, especially that one universal twist—the gun that was just beyond reach.

"I'm asleep and snoring like everybody else in camp." But he added, "What's the use kidding myself? I was never so wide awake in my life!"

He said this aloud as the elephant led him like a small boy collared by a schoolmaster. He was led round to the door of his tent and this gave him time to collect his senses. If he finished his work doctoring those wounds, his captor might be thankful and reward him with his freedom; it was the logical outcome according to every legend since Androcles.

But he realised that this was the same psychology of a man trying to shake off a nightmare. He realised

Drama of a jungle outlaw in the wild heart of Burma

By . . .

KENNETH PERKINS

it even while he dug out that second slug. The elephant was a dangerous fighter, that much was certain.

A wild elephant knows the medicinal effect of rotten tamarind leaves and he might know the effect of the medicaments scenting the air about this tent. Gordon was certain of it now. Here was a rogue elephant—the enemy that all the jungle fears most!

Now he yelled aloud, but as he should have expected the elephant reacted before the sleepy mechanics in the other tents. The trunk curled round his throat, then slipped down under his armpits.

"I'm on his back!" Gordon muttered crazily. "What does he want of me? He wants me to go on dressing his wounds, but what can I do up here behind his ears?"

The elephant gave the answer. While men scrambled, grumbling, out of their cots and came to tent doors, the elephant loped off towards the pitch-dark edge of the clearing.

"Captain! Where are you? What's happened?" voices shouted as the tents began to light up.

Gordon answered from the black wall of jungle. "I'm here! An elephant!—I'm on his back—he's holding my leg! Shoot him!"

Guns blazed, aimed high in the air. Men ran, yelling for torches. Someone jumped to a parked truck, turned on the headlights, but these, shooting in the wrong direction, merely blinded the searchers. Meanwhile, the elephant complacently tore away the overhanging boughs that might brush his prisoner off, then plunged into the solid jungle wall.

Some time in his past this tusker must have been a pad elephant or timber worker who knew how to protect the herdsman riding his head. Otherwise why would he tear away those vines?

Gordon followed his own instinct and jumped. He lay in the high grass frozen and still except for the dripping of sweat down his face and the steady slugging inside his chest. The elephant lumbered on for a few strides then stopped, trunk thrust high and whooping. It sniffed first at the spot where the man had been riding, then at the thicket on either side.

With incredible speed for such a clumsy hulk, the beast swung round. His trunk dragged aside a branch, uprooted a sapling with pompous indifference and tossed it aside.

In panic the man leaped to his feet, then into the mass of vines and leaves. He found a clump of mud, threw it. The tusker reared up on hind legs as if raising his front ones in a gesture of astonishment. The cloud whizzed through the intertwined screen of thicket, bursting harmlessly on tough vines.

The tusker gave a little squeal, almost like a chuckle. Gordon had whirled, but the jungle growth clutched at his ankles, his thighs, his arms, and he fell headlong. Instantly another tougher but more pliable creeper wound itself about his waist.

It was like something growing there, softly, easily. It dragged him upward.

He pounded at it madly. His fists were ridiculous weapons against that thick hide, but he knew that a trunk was sensitive to any touch.

It brought a snort, whether of rage or monstrous humor he did not know. He only knew that he was hurled in the air as if to be brought down from a great height and dashed to pieces on the ground.

But instead of crashing he hung there like a sprawling Hindu who performs rites by dangling from a hook in his back. Kicking and pommeling, he remained suspended, and then found himself swung backward and set squarely behind the elephant's head.

Please turn to page 23

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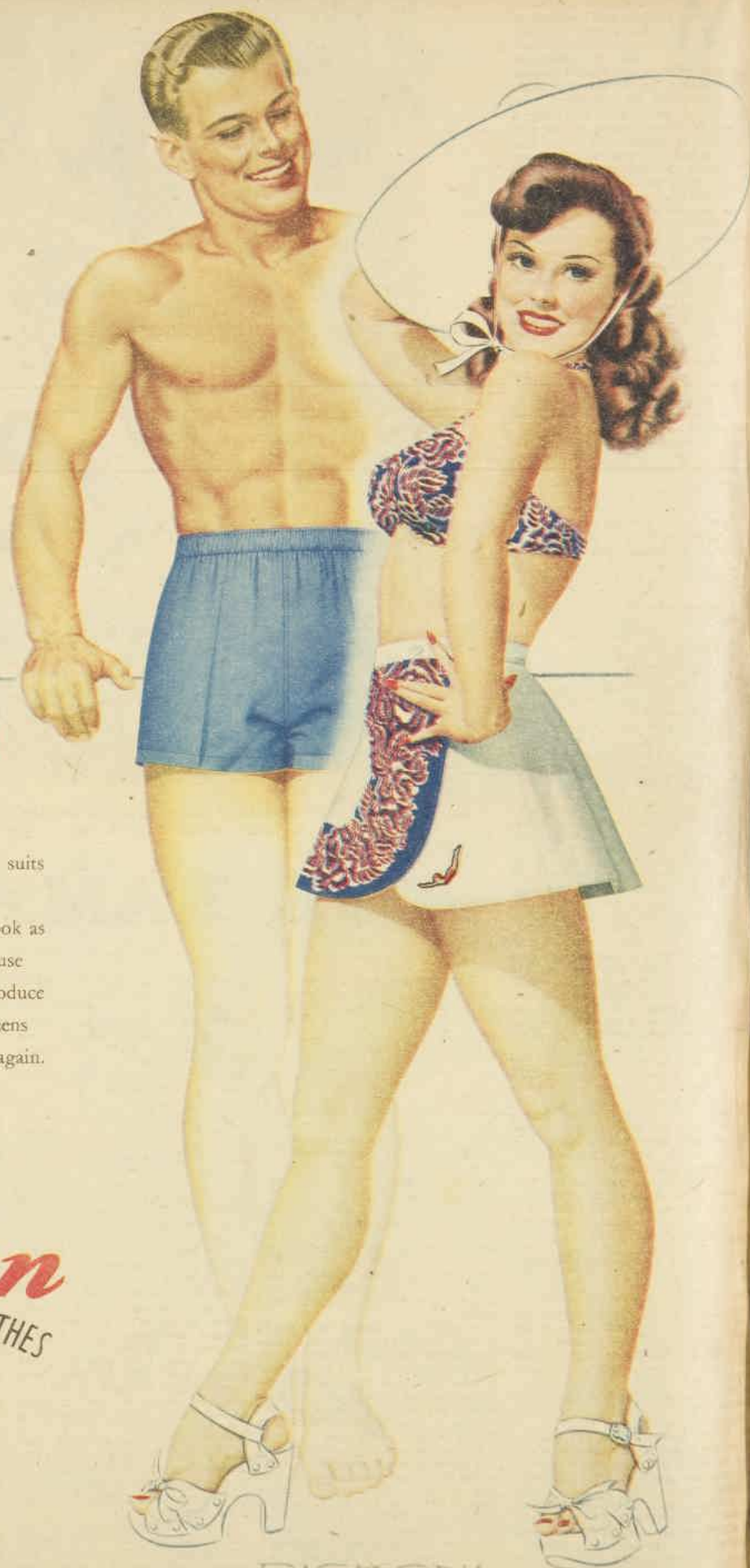
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DICKENS



Quiet Falls the Night

"Our ghost is starting early," said the rector.

JAMES LANGDON stepped into the train, threw his bag up into the rack and sat down with a sigh of pleasure.

He was in civilian clothes—permanently. For the last years he had worn the R.A.F. Now he was going home.

In a minute or two the slow train would start creeping along the line. About an hour it would arrive at Long Stanmore and he would get out.

His father, who was the rector of Long Stanmore, would meet him at the station. His sister Betty would come if she were not at school. His mother would come if she were not involved in housework, or dealing her husband's various passions about their lives in general.

He did not care if they came or not. It was enough to know that he could walk in a leisurely manner from the station, and see the rector standing amid its lawns and hedges near the old grey church. He knew that for a whole month he would do nothing in particular, but after that go back to the office in the nearby market town.

In fact, he reflected, the whole aspect was perfect.

Suddenly, a faint dissatisfaction appeared on his face, as though he

were thinking of something that would be lacking, but he dismissed it from his mind, or tried to dismiss it. Uselessly—for the guard's whistle sounded at that moment, and the door was flung open and the cause of his dissatisfaction got into the train. Katy Gilmore.

She sat down in the opposite corner, opened a green volume entitled "Authentic Recordings of Hauntings in the British Isles," and began to read as though her life depended on it. Presently she paused, glancing up.

"Hallo, Jimmy," she said in a soft lovely voice. "Out?"

"Yes."

"Lovely for you. Nice to see you again," and she immediately went back to her book.

James writhed inwardly. Here it was again. Just as he was hoping he was immune. Just as he was promising himself peace and quiet. The girl whom he could not forget.

Katherine Gilmore belonged to James' youth. They had gone to kindergarten together, and James,

a shy, dreamy boy, had spent all his time agonisingly trying to be better and braver than everyone else in order to impress her.

She had not been impressed. Apparently she still was not.

He said cautiously, "Are you interested in psychic phenomena, Katy?"

She laid the book on her knee and

houses that are haunted or attacked by poltergeists are recitatives."

Without any knowledge of how such an incredible lie came into his mind, James heard himself saying, "We've had odd disturbances at home, you know."

Katy gave him a look of frank disbelief.

"James Langdon! I've lived down the road from the rectory since I was born, and I've never heard a breath of such a thing! You're showing off again."

But in spite of her disbelief she was interested, and never before had he managed to hold her interest for more than a minute. He said, "Are you seriously interested in these things, Katy?"

"Seriously? It—it's my hobby! I read nothing else. I go nearly every week-end to see Mr. Spurr. He lives near Long Stanmore. He has the most exciting collection."

"Of what?"

"Oh—books—and souvenirs of hauntings."

James was beginning to dislike Mr. Spurr with a settled, deadly hatred.

By MARY HOWARD

said eagerly, "I'm terribly interested. You see, Ralph Spurr, the author of this book, is a psychic investigator. I know him very well." (Did her cheeks change color, or was it just the awful apprehension in James' heart?) "He's promised me faithfully that if a case occurs again, I shall help him investigate it."

"Oh," said James politely. The countryside, sleepy and lovely, slid by. And old grey church came into sight in the distance. "It's very curious," Katy said, "how often

"People don't talk about them," he said. "It means reporters and investigators and publicity."

"Betty and your mother never mentioned anything. Do you mean they could keep it to themselves all this time?"

This was thin ice. Mrs. Langdon was renowned for her sense and generosity, but not for her discretion. James thought rapidly.

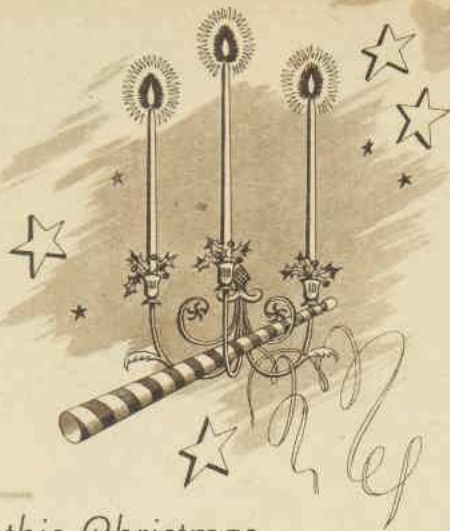
"The fact is," he said, "mother doesn't know anything about it. So far it's only sounds, and things being mislaid. She simply doesn't hear the noises at all."

This was more successful than he had anticipated. Katy nodded wisely. "Some people don't. They have no receptivity. But how about your father?"

"Well, he occasionally mentions he has heard odd sounds. But he's so absorbed in his books, I don't suppose he takes much notice. And he wouldn't really mind. He's not frightened of things like that."

"No—I can imagine that," said Katy, but she was still cautious. "Betty's just the age—thirteen, isn't she? There's always a girl about that age in a poltergeist house. Still, I wouldn't trust her... she might easily invent the whole thing. What other evidence is there?"

Please turn to page 28



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Rendezvous Continued from page 3

THE next day Janina Janisch stood examining the morning papers, her fine brow ruffled. She put them down quickly when Bron Terbanka came into his conference suite.

"But go ahead, Miss Janisch," said Terbanka, nodding toward the papers. "Read them! All of Salt Springs is doing so."

"It is terrible," said Janina morosely.

"I hardly think so, Miss Janisch," said Terbanka. "Everyone deserves some life to himself."

"But to disappear on the afternoon of the final conference," she moaned. "To-morrow morning, when we return to Washington, there will be the embassy to whom we must give an explanation, to say nothing of the Press."

"Miss Janisch," said Terbanka sternly. "I had a most excellent time yesterday. I have no regrets. Let the Press think what it may."

"But it is not what the Press thinks. It is what the Press supposes."

Terbanka settled back in his chair. "What does Mr. Salter have to say in his column, since he is usually an indication of the worst?"

Janina picked up the paper slowly, hunted for Salter's column and read in her fastidious English:

"The Salt Springs Rehabilitation Conference on Europe held its final session yesterday in a cloud of possible scandal. At the moment when the resolutions of Bron Terbanka, leading delegate and popular figure in diplomatic circles, might have keyed the entire proceedings, Mr. Terbanka chose to be absent."

"His resolutions were read by an uninspired military attaché of his embassy, and, as might be expected, their effect was completely lost on a session which spent most of its time speculating as to why Terbanka, usually the most reliable of emissaries, should have found it necessary to fade out at that moment when his presence would have done the most good."

"Needless to say, there were many interpretations as to why Mr. Terbanka was not available for the conference, chief among them being the fact that at noon, shortly before the conference convened, he was seen talking with Madame Marysia Gayshdor on the plaza of the Salt Springs Hotel. Madame Gayshdor is a woman of the most persuasive charms . . ."

"Go on," said Terbanka firmly, shielding his eyes with his hand.

The paper crashed beneath Janina's hands as she leaned across the desk. "Mr. Terbanka, this thing cannot be permitted to grow! Careers have been ruined by less than this. You must issue a statement now—this morning before we leave for Washington!"

"If I told them where I was yesterday, Janina Janisch, it would go worse than if I kept quiet. This will die down if we ignore it."

"Then Madame Gayshdor must deny it!" She placed the phone before him.

Terbanka shrugged, picked up the receiver, and inquired for Madame Gayshdor. Janina left the room.

"So good-morning to you also, Bron," Marysia said cheerfully.

Terbanka hesitated a moment. "Have you seen the morning papers, Marysia?"

"I am just now going through them. I think it is delightful."

She spoke casually, but in point of fact she had already read every word of Salter's column with absorbed interest, not even glancing up from it once until she had finished.

Terbanka coughed. "Suppose, Marysia, I were to decide that simplicity becomes me more than mystery. Would you then consider making a denial to the Press?"

"But why, Bron?"

"I don't know why, except that if it has to be made, you are the one who should do it."

Marysia's silence was eloquent.

Terbanka fell silent also. In his mind he could see Marysia as she probably was at this moment, glamorous, and perfectly groomed, possibly in a housegown of some sort, surrounded by the morning papers and her boundless social correspondence, and glancing suspiciously over the size of her breakfast.

The ceaseless planning, the wheeling suggestion, the smile that faded too quickly with the kill, the little finger, if not the whole hand in the pie . . . Marysia married to her ambition, legalised in her petty plunder over the years. And then through Terbanka's head flashed the joy of being yet a free agent.

"Good-bye, Marysia," he said, suddenly. "You have never known how to bargain. It was only a suggestion anyway."

"One thing yet," she insisted. "Tell me: Was yesterday worth it?"

"Very much so," said Terbanka. He pushed the phone away and sat there exhausted.

Janina Janisch slipped back into the room. "Was it luck?" she asked.

Terbanka began sifting material into his dispatch case. "We shall have to accept matters as they stand," he announced.

"Then I shall handle the Press myself," said Janina competently.

Please turn to page 23

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript, or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 4000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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● Breton sailor, with open crown, in red straw, veiled with white lace, by Hollywood hat designer Kenneth Hopkins.

American HATS

★ The New York hat on our cover is of rough yellow straw with a high crown. Its brim is massed with vari-colored flowers and leaves—sweetpeas, pansies, roses, hydrangea.



● Three fabric hats, submerged in flowers and ribbons—cerise crepe with a crown bouquet of pink and blue flowers; teal-blue, nearly hidden under pastel-tinted honeysuckle; and violet-blue tulle with upcurved brim, swathed in satin caught at one side with violets and long-stemmed flowers.



● Back views (left) of three hats at top of page are equally ornamental and becoming.

● Shady black straw, by Peg Fischer, is trimmed with one beautiful pink satin rose.





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WHEN the murdered body of a man clutching two gardenias is found in a seventh-floor flat of fashionable Chetwynd Court, all tenants of the floor deny knowledge of his identity.

But DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR GROGAN, who is in charge of the case with DETECTIVE-SERGEANT MANNING, discovers that the murdered man was the husband of one of the tenants, NESTA COWIE, and had been reported killed at the war.

The other seventh-floor tenants are discharged serviceman JACK SISLEY, in love with NESTA; FRANK and VIDA INGLE-JONES, in whose flat the body was found; lovely, spoilt war widow CYNTHIA FRY, with her small son MILES and his amah; CAPTAIN PETER DRISCOLL, engaged to Cynthia, and MAJOR EUGENE HANSEN; Dutch refugee WILLI VAN ANDERS.

Various puzzling developments complicate the case, while, throughout his investigations, Grogan finds all the tenants and TRENNERY, the caretaker, untruthful or contradictory in their statements to him.

Later, Hansen confides to NESTA, Driscoll, and Cynthia that he is certain Jack committed the murder during a mental "blackout" due to shellshock, and is determined to help him.

Now read on:

AFTERWARDS it was pretty nearly impossible to sort out exactly what did happen at Chetwynd Court that evening between seven and eight-thirty. No one could have said who first decided to go on that drive and who backed out of going, who suggested it and who vetoed it.

Eventually it was Frank Ingle-Jones and NESTA—joined at the last minute by Trenerry—who set off for Manly in Frank's big car for a breath of ocean breeze.

But that wasn't till eight-thirty.

When NESTA had left Hansen and Cynthia and Pete she hadn't gone straight home. She had found herself walking down to the sea and back again, into the park where she had been with Jack last night, hurrying along as though trying to escape from something.

But the thing she was running way from was going with her—the accusation against Jack.

Tired out at last, she turned homewards and entered the doorway of Chetwynd Court.

It was then that the puzzling incident had happened, something that try as she would she couldn't read any meaning into.

Just as she entered the swing doors of the lobby Grogan got out of a police car and came into the building at her heels. The lift was standing at the floor and he opened the door and followed her in. He pressed the seventh floor button.

NESTA couldn't look at him; she couldn't speak to him, knowing what he thought now. And yet she didn't want to seem uneasy for fear he'd think she shared his suspicions about Jack and was afraid for him.

The Inspector took off his hat and ran his handkerchief over his pale forehead and back over the dark, short-cut hair.

NESTA's face wore a doubtful smile as she stood against the wall, feeling that every moment shut up in that confined space with him was somehow dangerous.

They started to rise.

He asked suddenly, turning inquiring eyes on her: "You got a cold?" She stared. "A cold? No. Why?" "You sort of sniffed, I thought."

"Why... yes, I did. Yes, I believe I did. I was smelling something... an odd smell. I can't place it. And yet I feel I've smelt it before... somewhere."

"Oh? What is it, I wonder?" "I don't know—can't quite place it."

He said in that conversational tone of his that made her nervous now because she couldn't see where his answer she gave might lead her: "Have you got a good nose for scents, Mrs. Cowie?" "I have rather."

"My wife's like that. You can't fool her. She can tell with her



The GARDENIA CASE

eyes shut a violet or a bit of mignonette or a gardenia."

She looked at him suspiciously. "Really?"

"My word she can. Most people can't do that, you know. They think they know what a flower smells like, but try them with their eyes shut... The sense of smell's a very tricky thing. A lot of it's made up of what you bring to bear on it with your other senses... or something you remember."

"Yes, I dare say that's true." Click, went the lift passing the second floor... the third.

"What's this smell remind you of that made you sniff when you got in?"

Her head went back slightly as she savored the air again. "I don't know... Something that makes me sort of uneasy."

He sniffed, too. Suddenly he said: "By heck, I know. I've got it!" and put out his hand and jabbed the stop button.

She exclaimed: "Inspector! What are you doing?" He was jabbing at the ground floor button now. "But we're going up?"

"Not me. I'm going down." At the bottom he bolted out and slammed the door.

For a minute or two she stood frowning in the motionless lift trying to work it out. But the incident just didn't make sense, and that senselessness seemed to continue on and on. All the evening, the atmosphere on the seventh floor was ragged... unraveled... shredded out. People seemed only superficially the same, as though what had happened—and was in process of happening—had changed them somehow.

They seemed to be just playing at being themselves, listening to themselves, and thinking how cleverly they were putting on this act of being normal.

That was what NESTA thought, though she wouldn't have been prepared to swear that the change wasn't only inside herself—a new and shuddering awareness because of Jack.

Not that things were any smoother between them. Such glimpses as she had had of him since she came home showed that he was still resentful and angry at the way she had behaved in the last few days, the things she had said at their last meeting, her shutting him out, her lack of confidence.

"If you can't trust me," he'd pronounced melodramatically, "and think me just a robot to move about as you please! If that's all the use I am to you in a crisis—"

and so forth.

Yes, she couldn't blame him. She

had shown a side of herself that was managing and arrogant, wanting to have things her own way and not taking counsel from anyone. All very fine when you alone were responsible for your own life, but no use any longer if you wanted to link up with someone as active and dominant as Jack.

She was feeling definitely humbled when to her surprise and rage she heard him laughing heartily with Driscoll and Hansen in their flat. The door was half open and she heard the clink of glasses and the pulling of corks. Herself, she pulled out the self-pity stop. So that was all he cared! He could laugh and drink while she was half crazy with anxiety. "There is a tavern in the town!"

She went back to her flat. Vida had a headache that evening—a splitting headache, she said. She'd pretty nearly bathed in essences and toilet waters. Dressed now in a rest robe she paced the flat desperately, her hand to her forehead.

Jessie tried to get her to go to bed. She resisted that as she'd have resisted anything that anyone suggested that evening.

"Why don't you take your things off and lie quiet in the cool?" Jessie said. "And I'll bring you something light for dinner. You might just doze off."

Vida raved: "I don't think I'll ever sleep again! How can I sleep with this awful thing on my mind?"

By MARGOT NEVILLE

Frank chipped in: "Sleep or no sleep, you'd certainly be better if you went to bed."

"You both seem very anxious to get rid of me!"

"Don't be silly, Vi, nobody's trying to get rid of you. Only you say your head's so bad—"

"Well, I'm not going to bed. Jess, serve Mr. Ingle-Jones' dinner. I'm going down to see Mrs. Kirstin. I'll have something to eat with her."

She went out and Frank retired to his den with the evening papers.

Half an hour later Jessie came to tell him his dinner was served. The crisis clearly hadn't undermined Jessie's cooking skill, and she responded cheerfully to Frank's comments on Saturday's racing gleaned from the sporting column propped up in front of him.

Frank ate his meal and went back to his den, and Jessie wasn't twenty minutes in the kitchen afterwards before she changed into her street-going frock and slipped away, closing the front door softly with her latchkey.

Round about dinner-time Cynthia came in to tell NESTA again how

sorry she was about the tragedy, about Derek, about Jack, about—about— She would keep on discussing it, coming back to it again and again, though NESTA tried to shut her up.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Cynthia, let's talk of something else. I've thought about it till I'm sick of it."

But Cynthia would keep on saying how impossible it was for Jack to have done this crime and then letting slip some small remark that made it seem she still thought he had.

She said when she came in: "I felt so sorry for you, darling, here alone with not a soul to speak to and all this ghastly business on your mind." But across the landing, when Cynthia had opened her door, NESTA had heard little Miles in one of his fractious fits.

"I don't want to go to bed!... I'm too hot!... I'm too this, I'm too that! And the soothing murmur of Amah's soft voice. NESTA knew how Cynthia loathed the sound of Miles' tantrums and always stood under and left the settlement to Amah.

The two girls stood at the kitchen bench and finished a cold chicken. Cynthia finished an iced pudding, too, and half a bottle of hock. Cynthia's lovely loose mouth was greedy for food as well as for kisses and admiration.

Afterwards, as she was leaving and they went out on to the landing, the lift came up and Willi Van Anders got out of it. He'd been to a cocktail party at the Dutch Consulate, he said. He bounded

out of the lift singing loudly, gaily, a red carnation in his buttonhole, his face beaming.

His singing sent a sort of shiver through NESTA. It seemed downright indecent to sing like that in a boxful of pent-up nerves.

With a noisy greeting and hand-kissing he swept past them and went into his flat still singing.

Cynthia said sourly that someone having a good time when she wasn't was a thing she loathed: "I'm sick and tired of this whole place. I wish I'd never come here. When this murder business is cleared up I won't be another five minutes in that flat. If this thing were cleared up I wouldn't care where I was."

"No..." Cynthia looked down, silent, brushing the pile of the carpet with the toe of her shoe. "I think I'll get undressed and get Amah to give me a massage." She lingered a moment. "No, I won't. I think I'll go for a drive. Nothing relaxes you like driving."

Newspaper in hand, Ingle-Jones came out of his flat, catching her last words. "A drive?" he said. "I was just

"Carbon monoxide," Gene muttered, leaning forward to switch off the engine.

thinking that'd be a good idea. We certainly ought to shake ourselves up." He looked older to-night, yellower, more sun-dried, deeper lines raying out from his long-sighted faded blue eyes. "I'll take you both if you like," he said. "And anybody else, if they care to come. What about a run to Manly? Do everyone good."

Cynthia blinked, looking uncertain at this proposal. "Why don't you get Jack to come? It'd do him good," she said.

Frank said: "Hansen said something about it, too. I'll see what they mean to do." He stepped across to them.

But finally it was only NESTA and Frank who met below in the garage. Gene and Pete and Jack had hardly registered his invitation, presumably preferring alcohol, and Cynthia at the last minute had called out a refusal from her bedroom, evidently having chosen massage.

The garage at Chetwynd Court spread away underneath the building with a steep runway up to the road.

When NESTA and Frank entered, it was a place of solid shadows, of broken spaces and cavern-like distances not a few feet away. The one unshaded globe above the steps barely split the gloom. A small breeze eddied in and out among the cars, bringing a sea coolness one minute, and heat the next.

NESTA said: "I'm almost chilly, I think I'll run up and get a coat."

Frank was warming up his engine. He said: "I'll go up and get it for you. What do you want? Where is it?"

But suddenly she noticed through the window of Jack's car that stood near a pullover on the front seat.

"That would do," she said. "if I could get it." Not very hopefully she took hold of the handle.

It turned and the door opened.

She leant in and got the pullover. "What luck!" she said, thrusting her arms in. "What luck, this is exactly what I want."

She didn't have any idea of just how lucky it was going to be for Jack that she should have gone to his car and found the door unlocked.

A few minutes later, as she slipped into the front seat of Frank's car, she saw Trenerry come into the garage and stand under the light.

He looked lonely, shut-in, and on a sudden impulse she said: "Why don't you come with us, Mr. Trenerry?"

"What?" He seemed startled. "We're only going for a drive to Manly or somewhere. Just for a breath of air."

"Oh... I don't know about that."

"Why not? You're not busy. It'll do you good. Come along."

Please turn to page 31

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SAINT PAUL, South Australian-born portrait painter, sitting in his Paris flat with his Siamese cat.

Australian artist's success in Paris

AUSTRALIA'S diplomatic hostess in Paris, fair-haired, blue-eyed Cynthia Hodgson, has been put on canvas by the only Australian painter established in Paris—South Australian-born Saint Paul.

Saint Paul (his first name is never used here) studied at the Adelaide Art School, then spent, he says, days and nights sketching behind the scenes at the theatre when Pavlova brought her ballet to Adelaide, before he left for Paris.

He has spent 16 years here, where he has become celebrated as a painter of beautiful women, meeting many of his subjects through his friendship with the Duchess of Kent.

Lady Louis Mountbatten has sat for him several times.

This week Saint Paul gave a party to celebrate putting the last brush stroke to his first portrait of an Australian.

To be in keeping with her official position as only daughter of the Australian Minister to France (Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Hodgson), Saint Paul chose to paint Cynthia in a romantic, but dignified, off-the-shoulder evening dress in forget-me-not blue satin, which looks particularly well with Cynthia's exquisitely fair complexion and delicate coloring.

But the dress has had a chequered career since the portrait was painted.

It was left in the back of Cynthia's new silver-grey Citroen when she parked it in the garage at the Chateau des Quatre Vents—the

Minister's pleasant, rambling, modern house near St. Cloud.

But car and dress disappeared together.

Next morning, a forester from the nearby woods round St. Cloud called to say that the car, stripped of almost everything, including the floor carpet and the Australian flag-sticker on the windscreen, had been found in the forest.

The dress had gone. But another forester found it next day, wedged down a rabbit-hole—quite undamaged by the rain that had fallen during the night.

Saint Paul's Paris home is in an elegant flat in a quietly fashionable part of Paris, built some time in the naughty 'nineties for an internationally famous ballet dancer.

Flowers and beautiful women are his two pet subjects.

The furniture is mostly Louis the Sixteenth, covered with rare old brocades.

But in spite of the value of his furniture and the fragility of old brocade, Saint Paul always has at least one Siamese cat as a pet, and is fond enough of his cats to overlook destructive claws.

At present he has two cats, one a six-month-old Siamese, the other an ordinary black cat which was born in the internment camp at St. Denis, near Paris.

Invited by friends to share their cars when a great trek out of Paris began with the German advance in 1940, Saint Paul said, "No, thank you."

He could not, he said, leave his cats.

As a result, he spent three terrible months in the infamous prison of Fresnes, then saw the rest of the war out in the internment camp at St. Denis.



CYNTHIA HODGSON, daughter of Australian Minister in Paris—Saint Paul's portrait.



LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN has sat for him several times. This portrait hangs in his flat.



BABY: 'Smatter, Mummy? You wished you could have a "soft life" for a change, didn't you?

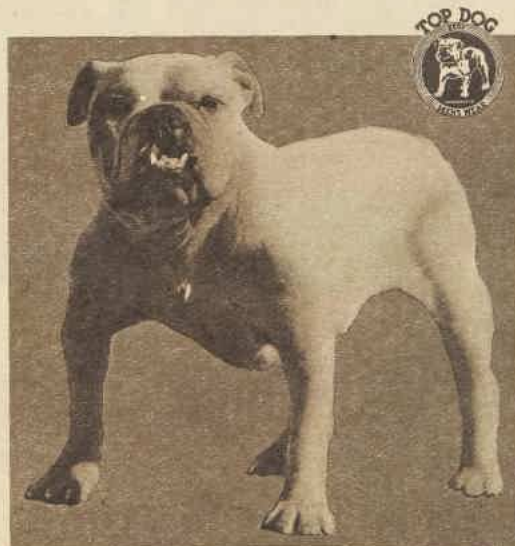
MUMMY: Yes—but I want to switch right back! I'd forgotten babies had so many things to make 'em uncomfortable. A baby's life is hard!

BABY: Not if a baby's Mummy is smart! Not if she does things baby can't do for herself—like keeping her tender skin smoothed up with Johnson's Baby Cream and Baby Powder! Johnson's pure, Baby Cream to keep me cherub-soft all over and prevent skin irritation. And Johnson's Baby Powder for cooling sprinkles that make chafes and prickles shoo like THAT!

MUMMY: Well from now on you get treated right—with Johnsons.



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THE SITE in the Sydney Botanic Gardens chosen for the memorial to King George V. The winning designers share a £200 prize.

How George V monolith was designed

Sculptor explains idea behind much-discussed memorial

By AINSLIE BAKER

Not since the Dobell-Archibald Prize controversy has there been so much discussion about a work of art as is raging now about the monolith which won first prize in the King George V Memorial competition in Sydney.

The monolith is the work of two comparatively young men, sculptor Lyndon Dadswell (39) and architect Dr. H. Epstein (38).

SOME people will like the monolith at once. Others may come to like it in time. Some will never like it.

Whether we as individuals like it or not, it is a work of ideas and deep thought, with a tremendous conviction behind it.

In a special interview, the designer, Lyndon Dadswell, told something of the ideals and feeling that led him to arrive at the design that has caused so much speculation and comment.

"After obtaining the rules of the competition, the first thing I did was to visit the actual site and study the landscape, the surroundings, and generally get the feel of the place the memorial will occupy," he said.

"I came away from that first visit feeling very strongly that some sort of high column was the thing needed.

"Gradually the idea built up that whatever form the memorial was to take it should—in color, form, and feeling—harmonise, not com-

pete, with the earth, trees, and grass surrounding it.

"It should appear to the observer to be a part of the earth, a part of Australia—a rock grown out of the ground.

"From this developed the idea of a monolith looking as much as possible like a natural outcrop of stone worn smooth by the weather, red in color, and not necessarily four-sided.

"The action of water running down a rock surface will in time form a channel. The concave side—or front, as it will no doubt be called by the public—is based on that idea.

"Apart from the fact that one side has the inscription, 'King George V, 1910-1936,' the monolith has no front—any more than a rock has front, sides, or back.

"It is meant to be looked at with equal interest from all angles.

"The concave, inscription-bearing side faces south. The light will shine obliquely across this.

"The engraving on the other sides is nowhere of equal depth (at its deepest an inch), so that as the sun moves in the sky strong accents will continually be brought into view.

"And as the sun passes round to the west, constantly changing surfaces of the monolith will be exposed, new points of interest cropping up with the changing light."

Replying to the criticism that the aboriginal motif of the engravings makes the monolith unsuitable as a memorial to an English king, Mr. Dadswell had this to say:

"The whole point is that it is not just a memorial of King George V, but an AUSTRALIAN memorial TO him.

"Engraving as a means of decoration struck me as being peculiarly appropriate.

"Engraving is the one form of decoration that doesn't interfere with shape.

"Since time immemorial, engravings, scratches, drawings, and incises have been made on rocks.

"It is the ideal medium for aboriginal patterns.

"The engravings on the actual monolith will be fewer than those suggested on the competition model," the designer explained.

"This, being of white plaster, called for greater detail than will be necessary in the real thing.

"The patterns engraved on the red granite will be simplified and enlarged, the lines more telling.

"We would have liked the mono-



THE ARCHITECT, Dr. H. Epstein.

lith to be of solid rock. But as this was technically impossible it was decided to face a central core of reinforced concrete with red Australian granite."

Lyndon Dadswell is a Wynne Prize winner with nine examples of his work in Australian Art Galleries.

His was the only sculpture to be included in the recent Loan Exhibition of Australian Art which toured Canada and the U.S.A.

At the age of 20 he was commissioned to carve and design the interior panels of Melbourne's Shrine of Remembrance. He is also responsible for the panel showing the landing at Gallipoli at the War Veterans' Home, Narrabeen, N.S.W.

For some years now he has been increasingly interested in the use of aboriginal motifs, and has frequently made them the subject of talks and lectures as head teacher of sculpture at East Sydney Technical College.

Enlisting as a private in the 6th Division, he was wounded in the battle for Damascus, and later was made an official war artist.

"Naturally I am extremely delighted at the win," he said. "Also I must say I am extremely surprised."

"Quite frankly, I didn't think the monolith had a chance of being selected."

When Dr. Epstein came to Australia eight years ago, he admits that he was barely able to say "good morning." He was born in Hungary of Russian parents.

Now he speaks with a no more than just noticeable accent. English is his fifth language, and he thinks, the hardest to learn.

Most of Dr. Epstein's work in Australia to date has been confined to factory and product design.

"Our entry is essentially a sculptor's work," he said, "and most of the credit must go to Mr. Dadswell."

"I think it very encouraging that a work of such contemporary approach should be given the prize by a panel of judges who represented a cross-section of the community."

Because of its abstract shape, no one stone will be like another. It is expected that the cost of polish-



ABORIGINAL engravings carved on the red granite facing are the monolith's only decoration.

ing the red granite facing will be 54 per square foot.

Because of its weight—when finished it is expected that the monolith will weigh something like 60 tons—the work will be put together on the job. It is expected to take more than a year to complete.

No drawings were used in what is regarded by the co-winners as a sculptural rather than an architectural work.

But before any work can begin on the erection of the monument Dr. Epstein must prepare in his 15-foot office an exact full-size drawing of the monolith.

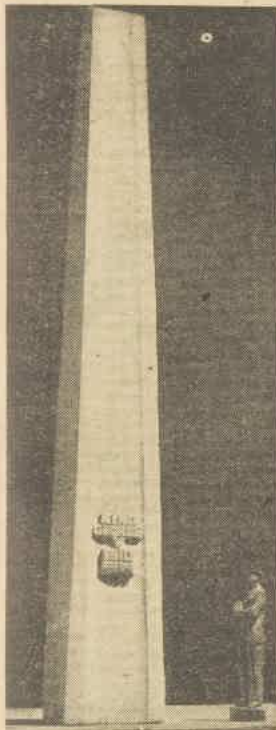
"As the monolith is to be 30 feet in height, I don't know exactly how I shall do it," Dr. Epstein confessed, "except perhaps by folding the paper over and working outside the door while it occupies my office."

Both designer and architect of the monolith are family men. Lyndon Dadswell has a daughter, Penny, aged six, and a son, Peter, just eighteen months.

Dr. Epstein is the father of three young sons.

Mrs. Dadswell, who is English born and very charming, says firmly: "There are NO other artists in the family."

"Actually if I am any help to Lyndon at all it's because I'm able to bring a sympathetic but completely untrained eye to his work. I see things as a member of the public, not as another artist."



SOUTH FACE of the memorial with brief inscription on its concave surface. It will stand 30ft. high, and cost £6000.



THE DESIGNER, 39-year-old Lyndon Dadswell, noted Australian sculptor, in the studio of his Sydney home. Figure of horse and rider is a recent work, and has lately been exhibited.

MENACE OF PREJUDICE

THE Palestine problem continues to be a bad headache for all who are working toward world stability.

The question is so complex that close study is required in order to understand it, and the wisdom of Solomon may be needed to solve it.

But there is one aspect that all who care for justice and fair play may ponder—the ordinary citizen's attitude to Jews.

Britain has a tradition of racial and religious tolerance which is well exemplified in her treatment of Jews. Their position throughout the Empire is one of complete freedom and equality.

Activities of Jewish terrorists have recently antagonised many who sympathised with the sufferings of Jewry under persecution.

In Australia feeling has been aroused by the arrival of Jewish aliens when many British would-be-migrants are unable to obtain passages.

In all this lies the danger of a growth of intolerance. This attitude, rapidly becoming a matter more of feeling than of reasoning, might extend to include all Jews in a wave of dislike and prejudice.

That would be deplorable.

No race to-day is free from elements of irresponsibility and violence; but none would be content to be judged on those elements alone. If alien refugees get to Australia before British migrants, are they personally to blame?

The intelligent approach in any relationship is to assess a man by the way he behaves. To dismiss him as inferior or undesirable merely because he is a Jew—or a Swiss, or a Methodist, or a Catholic, or an Indian, for the matter of that—is stupid.

Antarctic wastes may yield their treasures

The curtain is going up on one of the greatest dramas of history—the opening up of the vast ice wastes surrounding the South Pole.

Antarctica, after 150 years of slow, hazardous endeavor by explorers, is to be forced to yield up some of its riches.

LARGEST of the expeditions which are being planned is the U.S. Navy force of 12 ships and 4000 men which left America last week led by Admiral Byrd.

Apart from lucrative whales, which swim into the news with increasing frequency, the south polar region may contain minerals precious to an atomic age, and the race is to the nation which can wrench the valuable prizes from its icy grasp.

But it's a costly business. It takes money, which means that wealthy nations have the advantage.

Sir Douglas Mawson, world-famous Antarctic explorer, has recommended to the Federal Government that an Australian expedition be organised immediately.

For years Sir Douglas has been fighting to get on with the job of establishing the whaling industry.

He believes Australia has failed lamentably to develop the resources of the immense territory it controls in Antarctica.

He knows the potentialities. He has been on four scientific and exploratory expeditions.

He has faced death, when alone, sick, frostbitten, and hungry for weeks on end, he dragged himself out of yawning crevasses and through raging blizzards pulling his sleds. Finally he reached the base to find his ship had just left and another winter had to be faced.

His is an epic of polar history.

And he wants Australia to develop what is hers by right of exploration and claim.

Because of the efforts of such men as Mawson the Commonwealth has over half the land mass of Antarctica as a dependency, an area as large as the continent of Australia itself.

This great man, whose deeds are an inspiration to youth, envisages the day when aeroplanes will fly the 1800 miles from Hobart to Antarctica, a distance less than from Hobart to Fremantle, in under half a day.

Though he has the cautious approach of a scientist, Sir Douglas concedes that Antarctica might become a busy centre, and at a long shot might run to tourist traffic. And, if settlements developed, women might live there and rear families.

He toys with the idea of harnessing the Antarctic wind power to man's needs.

Since the advent of whale-catching, whales are not what they were. One whale caught off the British Isles many years ago measured 95 feet.

But monsters like this are rarely seen now, and an 85-footer is considered a large one. They are killed off before they can grow so big.

One complaint against the Japanese whalers is that they kill indiscriminately and waste many of the young whales. For the number killed their oil returns fall very short of those of other countries.

A single whale will yield almost two tons of whalebone and 250 barrels of oil.

Now England is thinking in terms of nice juicy whale steaks. So much the better that they would be uncouped.

This addition to the ration may result from investigations by the whaling factory-ship which is being despatched to Antarctica by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research of England.

A food research team is going along to seek to discover, among other things, the relative merits of different species of whales in providing steaks, and the effects of age and sex on the flavor.

Among countries which have

a research station would take stock of them, find out all there is to know, and at the proper time put that knowledge to use," he added.

Sir Douglas Mawson's exquisitely illustrated book, "Home of the Blizzard," shows that this is no lotus-eating land.

Yet, in ages past, on that same place blazing suns poured down their warmth on luxuriant forests and tropical seas.

This is proved by several coal seams, one of which is only 150 miles from the South Pole. Other evidence was a piece of coral and many fossils which were among the possessions found with the body of Captain Scott.

All that remains now of this lush growth are a few types of mosses and lichens. The only known animal or bird life to remain during the winter are the Emperor penguin and seals.

And the only heat now is in the region of two live volcanoes, the 13,000ft. Mt. Erebus, the ice-clad slopes of which Sir Douglas scaled, and Mt. Terror.

For the rest, the territory is at perpetual freezing-point.

"But healthy," said Sir Douglas. "Much healthier than our climate here."

With known scientific methods there is no knowing what miracles may be achieved.

But there's one thing science won't be able to do. That is to warm the soil, as is done in Arctic Russia, and get plants to mature in a few weeks in ground that thaws for only a few inches.

"That is because there is no soil as we know it down there," said Sir Douglas.

"Cress and such small things have been grown there, but it would be better for people living there to live on the local foods or what could be transported there."

Among the expeditions planned is that of an Anglo-Norwegian group of ten scientists.

They plan to take a plane-carrying ship, which is also a floating laboratory. Its equipment will include snow-jets, radar, electrically heated flying-suits, and the means to derive fresh water from salt water.

Important British explorations are already in operation in Graham Land, south of America. In this region another Australian explorer, Sir Hubert Wilkins, made a reconnaissance survey by plane in 1929, and in 1934 still another Australian, John Rymill, led a land-based exploring party and achieved important discoveries.

Another American exploration will be undertaken in January under Commander Finn Ronne, formerly Admiral Byrd's second-in-command.

Others from Russia, Norway, Argentina, and Chile are said to be contemplated.

For those who like their adventure the hard way, great opportunities are opening up in the refrigerator way down south.

Interesting People.



MRS. CONSTANCE COX
... eight plays in four years

SUCCESSFUL play-writing is a spare-time job for Constance Cox, of Brighton, England, who runs a post office-shop. "Vanity Fair," her eighth play in four years, opened with famous actress Claire Luce as Becky Sharp. Mrs. Cox is 29-year-old widow of an R.A.F. officer. Started to write plays to fill in spare time while he was on operations. First play was "David Garrick." Is working on two more plays at present.



MR. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE
... soldier, manager, politician

MANAGING business affairs of his wife, Megs Jenkins, British actress, in Australia for season with Whitehall Productions, is fascinating job for George Routledge, who says her fan mail costs £3 a week on average for stamps, stationery, and photos. He was in Army for seven years as commando, survived two sinkings of his landing-craft on D-Day. Beaten at last elections as Liberal candidate for Colchester, will stand again, as has set heart on a political career.



MRS. GLADYS GELLIE
... collects philosophies

EFFICIENCY and an easy manner enabling her to get on well with everyone she meets are outstanding characteristics of woman publicity officer for Trans-Australia Airlines, Gladys Gellie. She was a pioneer air-hostess, travelled half a million miles. Hostessing 13,000 people gave her a fine opportunity to develop her hobby of collecting philosophies. Says most of her passengers' philosophy was a hope that there was something better round the corner.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep



GOLF off duty for members of Britain's new Army. An officer and a sergeant hit off for a round, while the caddy, a private, takes round the sticks.



IN CIVVIES, the soldiers can leave the camp at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and may walk past the guard-room without a leave pass.

Monty's new-style Army is run on matey lines

Tommy Atkins now leads a less regimented life while training

Radioed by ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

I've just spent a week as the guest of Monty's new model Army. It would certainly be a shock to an old soldier, bred in the tradition of "This is the army. Forget you ever had a home."

In this new British Army there are no parades for meals, and "Lights Out" is when the individual wants to switch off his own bedside light. Any minute I expected to see the Sergeant Major, as in the song, bring the private "a nice hot cup of tea."

WHAT I saw convinced me that this new "at ease" system has brought a new spirit that is the very essence of democracy.

My visit started off at headquarters at Catterick. It was the mid-morning tea break when I arrived. The soldiers merely knocked off for the tea break, and when it was over got on with the job.

That was my first impression, the absence of parades and the tramp, tramp, tramp of boots.

Except for the very new recruits, who must be marched round a 35-square-mile army camp in case they get lost, everyone walks to and from their units, mess halls, and barracks.

New-style general

OVER tea I had a chat with General R. T. O. Cary. Young for a general, though very much a general, with a carriage that stamped him as one of the Guards, he wore battle-dress and rows of ribbons and had started his Army career at Catterick when it was a "sea of mud."

"You're going to get a few surprises," he said.

"You'll find in the new Army there is everything for the soldier inside the camp, from the time he wakes up in his new soft-mattressed bed until he puts his bedside light off and turns in."

My first surprise was the beautiful little theatre the General had had built, not unlike the streamlined, intimate Curzon Street Cinema, London.

It had a box-office, atrip lighting, comfortable tip-up seats, central heating, and heavy velvet curtains for cosiness.

There I saw a rehearsal of "The Man Who Came to Dinner," put on by the Signals Theatre Club, with actors drawn from all ranks. The General played the lead, and the part of Lorraine Sheldon was played by one of the A.T.S. girls of Catterick.

Afterwards, we all moved off to the "Green Room," with a rather busy bar, where everyone from the General down to the scene-shifter (one of his sergeants) called each other by their christian names.

All the stuffiness associated with the peacetime Army was missing, and when lunchtime came the "Green Room" was deserted as officers and O.R.'s strolled—not marched—back to their messes.

"I think the day when you see men marching to meals is ended for ever," General Cary said. He is billed on the programme with no mention of rank.

Producer Patrick Campbell said: "Controlled democracy, I call it. None of the players ever takes the slightest advantage of the free-and-easy atmosphere of the theatre when back on duty again."

Producer Campbell is a major in the Signals Corps, and another of his "sidelines" is editing the first newspaper to be run in Britain's peacetime Army, the "Catterick Express."

He said: "There are 20,000 men at Catterick. Our circulation started off at 4000. We have plenty of outside advertising, editorial staff is drawn from the ranks, contributions come from the men and their wives."

The paper, a weekly, has women's features and a children's page.

Looking after the wives is part of the new plan. At Catterick there is a club where the soldier, his wife, and their children can spend as much of their time together as work in the Army allows.

The soldier in the new Army is no stranger to his own folk. He goes home for the week-end; he doesn't ask for a pass, sign out, or report back.

He puts down his gun or steps from his armored car at 5 o'clock



BETWEEN SHEETS, the soldier reads in bed. He has a soft mattress, can turn out his own bedside light when he pleases.

in the evening (1 p.m. Saturday) and that, as far as the Army is concerned, is that.

His next appearance in battle-dress is at 7.30 in the morning (except Sunday) ready for his day's work.

He can stay away all night if his home is close enough, can lie-in and have his breakfast in bed—as long as he isn't late for duty.

If he lives in the barracks he can still lie in bed, for though it's still reveille at 6.15 there is no roll call.

If the soldier has had a late night and wants to skip breakfast he may do so, just as long as he doesn't make a practice of turning up late or slovenly at 7.30 roll call, ready to start work at 8 o'clock.

Most Commanding Officers at the

camp I visited pointed out that building restrictions make it impossible at the moment to put all Field-Marshal Montgomery's new ideas into practice right away.

But barrack-rooms are much more pleasant places than the old soldier would remember them.

With outside billets what they are now in the housing shortage, the new Army billets are far more cosy, and most single recruits sleep at the camp.

There are single beds, each with a headlight, cubicles for clothes, an easy-chair beside each bed, linoleum on the floor.

The new recruit sleeps in pyjamas between clean white sheets.

He has to supply his own pyjamas at the moment and bring his own

sheets, but they are laundered by the Army.

At present the Army must look to the Board of Trade for coupons. Soon, however, these comforts will be provided for by King's Regulations.

Recruits are encouraged to make their own barracks more comfortable. The Army provides the wireless, the window curtains, and the flowering window-boxes.

Hot and cold water is laid on in the bathrooms. There are cubicles for clothes and a valeting service.

Instead of the old sick parade, the soldier visits the Medical Officer in his consulting hours, and may also consult him about his family's health. At the big camps there are swimming-pools, squash and tennis courts, and golf courses.

Fatigues are cut to a minimum. Girls of the A.T.S., still a part of the Army, prepare the food and keep the mess-halls clean.

Entertaining is part of the new programme. At the R.A.O.C. depot at Feltham in Middlesex, which, during the war, was one of the most heavily guarded depots in the country, I found a visitors' day in progress.

The C.O. invites the families, and on this day the children had had rides in jeeps, ducks, and generally inspected daddy's depot.

The families and friends had brought many gifts, so that the barracks were being further brightened up. Non-couponed plastic materials were being tacked up at the windows and round packing-cases that were doing duty as dressing-tables.

Luxury hotel

OTHER camps have even bigger plans for entertaining wives and families. At Catterick is planned a £50,000 luxury hotel, which will be ready in 12 months.

This hotel will have dance floor and orchestra, hairdressing salons—all the conveniences of a modern hotel—and its tariff will be only enough to cover running costs.

Some of the larger camps already have their own cabaret clubs in full swing, with cabaret turns, dance floor, and beer at Government-controlled prices.

Most camps have up-to-date cinemas. The education centres have pleasant reading-rooms, with the brighter periodicals as well as more serious works.

But though everything is "at ease" in the new Army, its efficiency is not impaired, and the British soldier is still ready to move into action at 48 hours' notice.

In the new Army every effort is being made to see that a man gets the right job.

Each man is given tests to determine his capacity. Any man claiming specialist knowledge is allowed to choose his career.

In the first 16 weeks the new recruit learns soldiering. The square-pounding, physical training, and weapon training go on as before. It is at the end of this 16 weeks that the recruit learns the full effect of Monty's reforms. That is when he starts his specialised job and learns his Army trade.



SONS of a colonel and a sergeant play at the Families' Club, which is attached to the camp at Catterick.



DOMESTIC scene in the Families' Club. The sergeant's wife gives their baby its milk-bottle.

TOOTAL FABRICS

For your young daughter, a miniature of your own

frock. For your small son, a buster-suit

or blouse of the same material.

Fun to have a tubbable trio!



What better for this 'family' idea than one of the colourful Tootal rayons, plain or print?

Certainly it calls for a fabric that will wash and wear really well. And Tootal fabrics do.

That's the great thing — you do know you can trust them. They're branded 'Tebilized' for *tested crease-resistance*, and every yard is covered by the Tootal guarantee.

TOOTAL FABRICS

'Tootal' and 'Tebilized' are Registered Trade Marks

As I Read the S.T.A.R.'S by JUNE MARSDEN

GOOD fortune is in store for Leonians, Arians, and Sagittarians now, with opportunities for advancement, change, and gains.

Virgoans, Taurians, and Capricornians can expect some favorable weeks soon, but Geminians, Virgoans, and Pisceans should live cautiously and beware indiscretions and worries.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): December 12 (except 3 p.m. to 5 p.m.) and 13 (after 8 a.m.) are favorable, so use them well. Dec. 14 and 15 poor, 16 (late) and 17 good.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Plan ahead, for good weeks come soon. Meanwhile Dec. 12 and 13 tricky, and require discretion; 14 and 15 (to 2 p.m.) fair.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Live cautiously now, as you are liable to make faulty judgments, indiscreet remarks, or sign papers that will get you into trouble. Worst days Dec. 9, 14, and 15, so keep to routine.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Un-
certain days this week. Dec. 11 (to 11 p.m.), 14 (to 2 p.m.), and 15 (midday hours) helpful, 16 and 17 poor.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): Keep busy now, for many opportunities come your way. Dec. 11, 12 and 13 (to 3 p.m.) good, 14, 15 (to 2 p.m.), and 17 all helpful.

VIRGO (August 21 to Sept. 21): Patience pays good dividends now, so avoid changes and worries. Beware of poor judgments and new contracts on Dec. 9, 12 (early), 13, 14, and 15.

LIBRA (Sept. 21 to Oct. 21): Finalize semi-important matters now, especially on



"You've seen our new laundry machine wash dishes, but wait till you see what our new record changer can do."

Dec. 13 (to 2 p.m. or evening), 14, 15 (to 2 p.m.), 16, and 17.

SCORPIO (Oct. 21 to Nov. 21): Modest gains are possible, but avoid rashness. Dec. 10, 11, 14 (to 2 p.m.), 15 (midday hours), and 17 are all helpful.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 21 to Dec. 21): Make use of every moment of Dec. 12, 13, 16 (late), and 17. Good news, fortune, and changes are possible. Live quietly, however, on Dec. 9, 14, and 15.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 to Jan. 21): Good weeks soon, so plan ahead. Meanwhile Dec. 9, 10, and 11 poor, 14 (to 2 p.m.) and 15 very fair, 16 and 17 upsetting.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 to Feb. 21): Helpful days for semi-important matters, but avoid over-confidence. Dec. 11, 14 (to 2 p.m.), 15 (midday), and 16 (late) all fair. Rest of week poor.

PISCES (Dec. 21 to March 21): Live wisely and quietly now, and dodge trouble, especially on Dec. 9, 10 (near sunset), 14, 15, and 16 (early). Routine best.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

Your Coupons

TRA: Black, 1-4 (ill Jan. 9).
SUGAR: Black and green, 1-3 (ill Jan. 9).
BUTTER: S1 and S2.
MEAT: Black, 1-4, green 1 and 3 (ill Dec. 31).
CLOTHING: V1-36 (expires Dec. 31).
X27-112, yellow coupons 1-36 (available from Dec. 9).



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are visiting the moon. They travelled there with **PROF. THURSBY:** In his rocketship "Star-dust."

LAURA: The Professor's lovely daughter, went, too, as a stowaway. They share many amazing adventures and find themselves in the moon-city, Lunatopia, where they meet

AMON: A charming moon-man, who shows them all over the city. He arranges for Mandrake, Lothar, and the Professor to visit the moon's core, where the fire people live. They nearly lose their lives because

HYRA: A wicked moon-man, and his friend **GARO:** Try to shut them in the moon's core to be burnt to death. However, they are saved and set off again for earth. NOW READ ON:



HEADED EARTHWARD FROM THE MOON, THE "STAR-DUST" MISSES ANNIHILATION BY SECONDS AS IT BRUSHES THE TAIL OF A SMALL COMET!...



WHEW! THAT WAS TOUCH AND GO FOR A MINUTE!

MANDRAKE! OUR ROCKET ENGINES ARE STOPPING! WE'VE USED UP ALL OUR ROCKET POWER!

AND THEN, A THOUSAND MILES FROM EARTH---



WE'RE HANGING IN SPACE! WE'RE DOOMED TO REVOLVE AROUND THE EARTH LIKE A LITTLE MOON--FOR ALL ETERNITY!

WAIT, PROFESSOR, IT'S NOT AS BAD AS THAT! STRAP YOURSELVES IN YOUR SEATS, EVERYONE!



OUR SHIP IS CRASH-PROOF! WE'VE GOT TO TURN OFF THE ANTI-GRAVITY TANKS--AND FALL TO EARTH!

DROP A THOUSAND MILES? WELL--IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE, ONCE WE START, I CAN'T REFILL THE TANKS--BUT --HERE WE GO!

DOWN--A THOUSAND MILES! THE "STAR-DUST" FALLS LIKE A BULLET THROUGH THE THIN AIR....



--INTO THE OCEAN-- AND THEIR MOMENTUM CARRIES THEM MILES INTO THE GREEN DEPTHS....



--AND AT LENGTH, POPS TO THE SURFACE LIKE A CORK!



GOOD OLD MOTHER EARTH, PROFESSOR, THIS HAS BEEN A REAL CLIMAX TO ONE OF THE MOST STIRRING ADVENTURES IN MY LIFE!

NEXT WEEK--NEW ADVENTURE



When you are feeling "off-colour" and find work almost impossible to do — you will get quick, blessed relief with just two Anacin tablets. Anacin stops that pain — and stops it fast!



When you're "off colour" ANACIN brings quick blessed relief . . .

Anacin tablets work at an amazing speed. Every tablet is a combination of four medically proven agents. Four ingredients — that's one more than any other anti-pain remedy. And, it's the action of this extra ingredient that makes Anacin's relief so much swifter.

Because they work so fast, two Anacin tablets will frequently do the work of much larger doses of ordinary anti-pain powders and tablets. So — Anacin is cheaper in the long run, as well as being more effective.

Change now to Anacin!

If you have been using the same remedy for the relief of pain over a long period of time, then for faster relief doctors advise a change. Change to Anacin. Sold at all chemists in packets of 12, tins of 30, bottles of 50 and 100.

ANACIN

REGISTERED TRADE MARK.



Two bring fast relief

See Ye GOLDEN TOOTHED BOY!

GOLD TEETH BAFFLED SCIENCE!

TWO 16TH CENTURY JUGGLERS INLAYED A BOY'S TEETH WITH GOLD AND MADE A SMALL FORTUNE BY HAWKING HIM ACROSS ENGLAND. THE "GOLDEN TOOTHED BOY" FRAUD WAS SO SKILFUL, MEDICAL MEN WROTE LEARNED TREATISES JUSTIFYING IT!

DO YOU KNOW?

LION'S TEETH PREVENT MALARIA!

MANY AFRICAN TRIBESMEN WEAR A LION'S TOOTH AROUND THEIR NECKS TO PREVENT MALARIA.

BABIES' GRIM ORDEAL

IN PARTS OF IRELAND A BABE BORN WITH TEETH WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE THEM EXTRACTED BY THE NEAREST BLACKSMITH! HYGIENE WAS IGNORED IN THIS OPERATION. DON'T OVERLOOK YOUR DENTAL HYGIENE — BRUSH YOUR TEETH REGULARLY WITH KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM. KOLYNOS LEAVES YOUR WHOLE MOUTH CLEAN AND REFRESHED.

TOOTHACHE IN STONE!

ON WELLS CATHEDRAL ENGLAND, A HUGE CARVING PORTRAYS THE AGONISED FACE OF A BISHOP — LOCALS CALL IT "THE MAN WITH THE TOOTHACHE." PREVENT DENTAL DECAY IN YOUR TEETH — USE KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM. KOLYNOS SWIRLS INTO EVERY CREVICE — CLEANS TEETH THOROUGHLY.

DO YR PURSE A GOOD TURN!

KOLYNOS SAVES YOU MONEY — LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTHPASTE... HALF AN INCH ON A DRY BRUSH IS PLENTY.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

The Rampage

Continued from page 7

HE sat there dazed. What did this beast intend to do with him? Carry him to some other place of execution, or play with him and torture him as a part of his revenge?

Somewhat to his surprise, he found that he still had his breath. The python-like grip had not crushed his ribs as he thought. Now he was being carried back out of the brush and into the open trail. There was moonlight, but not enough to see the ground. It was like leaping into a black abyss. Nevertheless, he leaped.

But this time the huge shadow merely wheeled about and the trunk fumbled with awkward certainty like a blind man feeling for something he knows by experience is in its place. It curled firmly round his waist, and he was sitting on the head again.

There was no use jumping any more, Gordon knew. That last leap in the dark had twisted his ankle, the next might break a leg. This elephant would not let him out of reach anyway.

"I'll leave it to you," he said. "What's your next play?"

Feeling the snug knees of his captive, the tusker started to shamble along the hard-packed trail. It was the trail of the wild herds which led to an open plateau and to more light.

Just where they were going was a mystery, but the motive for this strange abduction was clear enough now. The tusker had been scared away from camp because of the shouting and the blast of guns. He had fled, taking his nurse along with him. This man had stopped the throbbing of his wounds, hence he was a good nurse.

He was not an enemy, but a friend to have and to hold. Any animal, a horse or dog or stupid water buffalo, could reason that out.

There was some doubt, however, about the success of Gordon's doc-

toring. The elephant had begun to limp.

Presently he lurched forward, caught himself, staggered another step or two. Then he was down on his knees.

Here was Gordon's chance to flee. But the very moment he shifted his weight the trunk curled back and gripped his ankle. The old tusker was craftier than ever now that his prisoner had a chance to escape.

The prisoner waited, hoping. This wounded giant might die. The great head was still held up, but that was the way he would hold it even in death, Gordon knew. But he was not dead. After a rest, his weight heaved, and he scrambled up.

The next time he rested it was in the natural sleeping posture of an elephant, shifting his weight from one foot for a while, shifting it from another, from a third, from the fourth.

It was sunrise when once more they were on their way joggling through the jungle.

But a little later on the tusker stopped again and breakfasted on wild sugarcane. Gordon, meanwhile, was on the ground with the sun beating murderously on his bare head. He might have slept, he might have had a touch of sunstroke, but here he was stretched out, gazing at the vultures circling above him.

They circled low as vultures will when they think a man is dying, but then they flew off with a shriek and flap of wings as the elephant trumpeted furiously at them. Later, when it was dark, there was a snarl in the brush. Some beast was there waiting for the hoped-for carrion. But the tusker went after it, charging wildly.

The beast, whatever it was, did not come again. The man was safe because his captor decreed it, protecting him from the vultures in the

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



daytime and the jackals at night.

Time did not matter now. Without food the prisoner was too light-headed to tell morning from evening. In the middle of the day he saw no sunlight at all, for his captor protected him from it, hating the Burmese heat as all elephants do, and seeking the shade for his own comfort.

Several times where the wild elephant trails led through thick jungle the captive had a chance to jump, but he was too weak to run now. He no longer cared or knew where he was. He knew only that this rogue elephant had adopted him, that he was keeping him close and protecting him.

Then at last there was an end to the journey, and in the end he could hear the trucks of the Ledo Road. It was a shift in the wind that brought the sound to him from a great distance, and it broke a spell.

He realised for the first time that, except for hunger and deadly heat, nothing had hurt him. This old tusker had been gentle even when he caught him by the nape of the neck and curled his trunk under his armpits. He was a rogue, and all the forest was afraid of him, but he wanted a man near him. He was lonely.

Perhaps that was why he had gone into that village not far from the roaring trucks and bulldozers of the road. They had shot at him with a home-made gaspige gun. They had peppered him with slugs and almost killed him. But he had killed them first.

Then a new vision brought Gordon suddenly awake.

"I'm drivelling, I'm faving!" he thought desperately. "He's a wild rogue and a killer. He's brought me into the forest to turn me over to a herd of wild elephants!"

This seemed for the moment to be true. There were elephants breaking out of the thicket in a wide circle as they do when beating for big game. Gordon saw them coming toward him slowly as he sat behind the ears of his captor. But they were not wild, for each one had a mahout, and one or two with howdahs and riders moved cautiously into the closing circle.

"Is it possible that you have tamed this earth-shaker?" a voice exclaimed.

Gordon could not help laughing then. He focused his glassy eyes on the turbans bobbing round him, and noticed that they were above him now, which must mean that he was sitting on the ground. He had come out of a momentary faint, and was staring round stupidly trying to find out what had happened to his captor.

The shikari who had led this search party for the lost Englishman was talking excitedly: "We knew from first report this might be a State tusker of the Sawkwa of Kalat. Indeed he is easily identified. The Sawkwa valued him above all others in his stables, fighter and troublemaker though he is."

Gordon took a drink and his eyes focused. He saw the earth-shaker now with two pad elephants on each

side of him. A very old elephant bomo was standing in front of the giant spitting betel juice on his forehead.

"It was known that the Japonay took him for their elephant convoys," the shikari went on, "but he went on a rampage, killing many of them because of their cruelty. Thus for three years he roamed the jungle as an outlaw. It is to be hoped that the government will not condemn him, for his provocation was great. And great likewise was your courage in capturing him!"

Gordon shook his head groggily. "Courage you call it? I wonder what that Wren from Rangoon will call it. She liked to hunt game."

He laughed again. "I've shaken off the bad dream. I'm awake! I can think of her now! A little beauty! Wait until I talk to her."

He stopped talking aloud to listen to the shikari.

"Although the Sawkwa offered increasing rewards, no one would dare go into the jungle to hunt this rogue. But observe now how submissive he is to the goad! He bows tamely! You have wrought a miracle taming him. Your name as a hunter will be known in this country from the Himalayas all the way down to Rangoon!"

Gordon saw the tusker's red eyes blink calmly. The clownish hairy lip grinned as if at a huge joke man and elephant were enjoying together.

(Copyright)

Rendezvous

Continued from page 10

AFTER leaving the train at Washington, Terbanka sent Janina Janisch ahead to the embassy with the files and dispatch cases. He was about to flag the next taxi when he heard Salter's voice at his elbow. "Do you mind if I share your cab? I haven't far to go."

"I should be most happy." "I looked for you in the club car last night," Salter said, as they settled in the taxi.

"I was very tired," said Terbanka. "I don't wonder," said Salter.

Terbanka looked at him to affirm the disbelieving smile, but it wasn't there.

"What I actually wanted to say," continued Salter, "is that I'm sorry about yesterday's piece. The fact is, I get so accustomed to frauds in this business that sometimes the real thing gets tossed in with the rest. You're a real statesman, Terbanka, and you've a perfect right to take me out and kick me. I knew that even before your secretary called us in yesterday—this is my stop, caddy—here at the corner."

He jumped out, and, turning back suddenly, tossed a paper from his pocket on to Terbanka's knee before he slammed the door. "Maybe I fixed it up a little in this morning's column, old man. I hope so."

Terbanka blinked and smiled and was driven away in a swirl of traffic. Slowly he unfolded the paper on his joggling knee...

Immediately he reached the embassy Terbanka went to his office. He laid the paper on the desk and rang for Janina Janisch. When she came in he was still regarding it.

"Miss Janisch, yesterday you read me Mr. Salter's political column," he said. "To-day let me return the favor. Mr. Salter is miraculously of a brighter disposition. Witness:

"To-day, before the departure of the Salt Springs delegations, the Press was called to the suite of Bron Terbanka by Terbanka's secretary. Mr. Terbanka, reported his secretary, had been working on a new rehabilitation report to his government the previous day. He had considered his work on the resolutions finished, and it had not occurred to him that his personality was of more importance to the conferences than the resolutions themselves."

"Mr. Terbanka does not have that sort of vanity, his secretary added."

"Moreover, we report this bit to clear the records of all harsh assumptions. Madame Marysia Gayshdor, whom I mentioned in my column yesterday, was that same afternoon undergoing the ministrations of a masseuse in the Salt Springs Hotel. So the appointment book of that

establishment confirms. Nor would Madame Gayshdor's little difficulty with embonpoint give it the lie..."

Janina Janisch looked straight at Bron Terbanka, and for a moment he could have drowned in the miserable depths of her grey eyes.

"Janina Janisch," he began slowly. "One of the first elements of human behaviour is that if you do not

know the truth, you keep quiet."

"I know the truth," she insisted. "Terbanka sighed and began again: 'How could you possibly have known that about Madame Gayshdor?'"

"You have only to look at such a woman to know she has a great struggle with appetite. Such women spend days under massage. I merely affirmed it."

Terbanka flushed. "I have tried to understand you, Miss Janisch."

"It is not I who need to be understood."

"You are yet so young. That is why you do foolhardy things."

Janina's pointed chin trembled with anger. "You are stupid," she said. "You do not know what you want. I have known what I wanted since I was nine years old. It is you, Bron Terbanka. I love you, and will always love you. Why else would I put up with such a ridiculous job? You need someone to love you. You need someone you can trust. You need it because—because you are so stupid!"

Terbanka started violently. He came round the desk and put his hands on Janina's shoulders. "Janina—little Janina of the sanatorium at Tocca. I knew that name should mean something to me. Why did you not tell me before?"

Her eyes filled with unwilling tears, and Terbanka had her in his arms. "It is enough to pursue a man, without having to tell him why," she sobbed.

Terbanka was puzzled for only a moment. Then he kissed her. He had never known such a kiss before. And because he was no longer alone and he wanted that kiss for the rest of his life, he cupped her small chin in his hand and said, "You lied for me, little Janina."

"I lied," she admitted.

"Such faith," he murmured into her shining hair.

"But I knew you were not with Marysia Gayshdor."

"They were all so ready to believe. All but you," he whispered.

She pushed away to look up at him archly. "Ah," she said, "but they did not all sit behind you as I did at the circus!"

(Copyright)

HE SAID Er...I'll be pretty busy for the next week or so...



BUT HE MEANT That blotchy skin would put any man off!

You invite romance when you end skin faults with REXONA MEDICATED SOAP



Here's how you can have the soft, smooth skin that men adore! Every-day use of Rexona Medicated Soap helps to clear away blackheads... blotchiness... roughness. Rexona contains CADYL, a special medicament. Rexona floats out poisons which cause skin faults. In a very short time skin becomes smooth as satin... lovely as a rose. Get Rexona today.

REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CADYL, an exclusive Rexona Compound comprising Oils of Cedar, Cassia, Cloves, Eucalyptus and Burdock Acetate—all recognised valuable skin medicaments.

K.59.26

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LUNCHING IN TOWN. Roslyn Dangar (left) lunches at Prince's with Melbourne visitor Eve Channell, who has been staying at 52 Macleay Street.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Dr. Jeffrey Finley and his pretty bride, formerly Phyll Richardson, of Armidale, leave St. Stephen's Church by car for reception.



CAKE-CUTTING CEREMONY. John Smith, only son of Mrs. A. O. Smith and late Mr. Smith, of Vale Beder, Yass, and his bride, formerly Barbara Moginie, cut cake at reception at Pickwick Club.

Intimate Greetings

BUMPER cocktail party at Cootamundra Town Hall follows races, and is one of many highlights of Coota Diggers' Race Club's second ex-P.O.W. Gala Day race meeting.

Day so successful last year that committee decided to repeat performance and invite members of 2/19th Battalion from near and far. Invitation reads: "Cootamundra is anxious that you should be with us on this occasion."

"Last year residents derived much pleasure from limited entertainment they were privileged to provide," feel upon reading letter that Cootamundra is too modest. If hospitality locals dispense is "limited," then I'd hate to catch up with a party that is "unlimited." My newshound bears me out, and I believe this year's party is just as much fun as last year's . . . in fact, in some ways more so. Last year many guests were still recovering from the years in P.O.W. camps, and atebri-lan was the popular shade in complexion. However, nice to hear so many of them are looking hale and hearty once more. Popular president of 2/19th Battalion Association, Brigadier Duncan Maxwell, accepts invitation of committee to be present, and honor and glory of organisation of big day goes to indefatigable worker Norman Pinkstone.

GATHERING of artists when Mr. and Mrs. Roland Wakelin, of Neutral Bay, entertain at a sherry party to say farewell to Hazel Stewart, who leaves Sydney to return to homeland, New Zealand. Hazel, who is foundation member of artists' Contemporary Group, will make future home in Wellington.



GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER. Elizabeth Northcott, at annual parade of St. John Ambulance Brigade, which is held in grounds of Government House. Elizabeth inspects parade with woman District Superintendent, Dr. Frances McKay.



RECEPTION AT CARL THOMAS' for Nugent, Gelkie and his bride (right), formerly Olga Clarke. Nugent's brother Neil is best man, and Jean Arnold bridesmaid. Nugent is youngest son of the W. C. Gelkies, of Darling Point.



COUNTRY BRIDEGROOM. Owen Merriman, of Ravensworth, Yass, and his bride, formerly Pamela Scrivener, leave St. Mark's, Darling Point. Couple honeymoon in Melbourne before returning to make home in Yass.



YASS BRIDEGROOM Douglas Shannon helps his bride, formerly Elizabeth Love, of Yarrabundie, Trundle, cut cake at reception at Pickwick following wedding at St. Stephen's.



DOUBLE WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wilson (left) and Mr. and Mrs. George Hurrell at wedding reception at Amory, Ashfield. Mrs. Wilson formerly Isobel McIlraith; Mrs. Hurrell formerly Jeanne McIlraith. Brides are daughters of Dr. and Mrs. H. A. McIlraith, Burwood. Ceremony is at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street.

PICNICKERS on Store Beach the other week-end were given an American view of "what the well-dressed man will wear when 'sporting,'" when Deke Coleman and his wife, Louise, came ashore from the Morna. Deke's wardrobe comprised a tomato pair of linen trousers, teal-blue coat-shirt and black beret, which made the local lads just too beach-comberish for anything in their khaki shorts. Trip evidently too much for Louise, as she exclaimed as she stepped off elegant Morna: "Can I get a taxi from here—it's much too rough in the yacht." Host Claude Plowman would find his guest's request rather a puzzle, I'm afraid.

"FRIENDS envying us moving into our new home shortly after Christmas," writes Mrs. D. Reid-Tweedie, formerly Ruth Osborne, from Perak, Malaya. Their home was destroyed with all its contents during the war, but they have found a lovely spot for their new home, and Ruth has been busy looking for furniture. "Sometimes feel the heat is impossible in Malaya," writes Ruth, "but I've just received a letter from Mrs. Nigel Harmer, who before her marriage this year was Rosemary Game, daughter of former Governor Sir Philip and Lady Game, saying that temperature in the Sudan, where she has made her home, ranges from 110 to 114 degrees, so I've nothing to worry about!" adds Ruth.

ROUND of trousseau shopping for Joan Wright, who plans early February marriage with Jack David after romantic meeting and engagement at Melbourne Cup festivities. Joan has lovely sapphire ring, and is one of the lucky ones who has achieved a flat to live in after wedding. Couple plan short honeymoon near Sydney, but later, in June, will fly to England.

CONGRATULATORY telegram from Prime Minister (Mr. Chifley) for Mr. and Mrs. James Anderson, of Katoomba, when they celebrate their diamond wedding anniversary at party at the Burlington, Katoomba. Their five children, 14 grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren present at party.

EVERYONE agog in three States at engagement of lovely Sandra Baillieu, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Baillieu, of Toorak, Melbourne, and Peter ("Pip") Malcolm Reid, of Sydney, who is youngest son of the Malcolm Reids, of South Australia. Sandra is well known in Sydney. Even through war years paid us an occasional visit and this year was one of the smartest lasses to attend Spring Meeting. "Pip" was attached to General Sir John Lavarack's staff in Washington.

LOTS of interesting weddings this month and early in the New Year . . . attractive Denise Yaffa and Stan Eskell marry on December 17. Ceremony will be quietly held at Denise's home, and then 200 guests have been invited to reception at Australia Hotel. "We're motoring down to Melbourne for our honeymoon and will be there for the Davis Cup, and then go on to Frankston before returning to Sydney," says Denise. "Future home?" says Denise when I ask her. "Why, we're still looking!"

GREAT success is annual dinner and reunion of Town Planning Association of New South Wales. Party held at Dungowan, with Mrs. Florence Taylor, hon. life member and widow of founder of association Mr. George A. Taylor, as guest of honor.

Joyce

WORTH Reporting

A FRIEND of ours had an unnerving experience in a large city store the other day. She innocently went there to buy herself a new bathing costume and, having picked out three or four she liked, asked the salesgirl if she could try them on.

She was led into a fitting-room, and in preparation for the trying-on donned a sleek pair of white satin under-trunks, prewar models which had been sent to her from America. The salesgirl, with a wild cry of delight, dropped the bathing costumes and said: "I'll buy those; I'll give you £2 for them. They're just what I want to wear under my new swimsuit. Oh, they're beautiful!"

Our friend rather nervously clutched the trunks to her and protested that she didn't want to sell them and all she wanted was to try on a bathing costume.

While the salesgirl rapidly raised her price to £5, our friend hurriedly put on her clothes and fled from the fitting-room, sans new costume but still in possession of her trunks.

UTTER Desperation Corner. This advertisement appeared in the London "Spectator":

"Convinced that congenial work offers only remedy for disillusion and boredom, a well-educated young man, just demobbed, invites suggestions for or preferably offers of interesting and well-paid employment."

Wedding notes

TWO of our social reporters were chatting amiably to one of the policemen on duty at the fashionable and crowded wedding of Major Michael Hawkins and Miss Virginia Heath in Sydney.

"Quite a crowd," said the policeman, and our reporters then asked him if he had also been to the wedding of Bernborough's Jockey, George Mulley.

"Oh, no, I wasn't at that," he said, "but this looks as though it will be as good a show."

On the road

AUSTRALIANS seem to be taking to the road to earn their living these days. In the past few months we have written of the adventures of a husband and wife who set off in their caravan and mobile workshop to repair farm machinery in the outback; another couple who run a hairdressing salon on wheels; a pair of ex-Wrens who have taken out a tinker's licence and intend to travel round N.S.W. in their truck.

The next on our list are Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Nalsmith, who, before the war, were general storekeepers at the little Murray Valley township, Gunbower, in Victoria.

They have now bought a caravan, have set up shop as travelling shoemakers, and are up to their necks in work wherever they make a halt.

Mrs. Nalsmith attends to all the clerical work attached to their business of boot-repairing and also does crochet work which she sells to townfolk.

It is with a certain amount of envy that we record that they are now somewhere on the coast road between Port Macquarie and Coll's Harbor, "enjoying the sea breeze," says Mrs. Nalsmith.

They're eventually on their way to Queensland and don't know when they'll ever go home.

Animal Antics



"He pays me two shillings an hour to develop his pictures here."

Australian at the B.B.C.

OUR London office reports that an Australian is one of Britain's most popular radio announcers.

He is Michael Miles, formerly of Stations 2CH (Sydney) and 3XY (Melbourne), and he conducts a highly successful "Radio Forfeits" session for the B.B.C., to which there are 10,000,000 listeners.

Only the famous "Itma" programme tops this with 10,500,000 listeners.

Michael's session is a one-man show, unless you count his wife, Joan, who bangs the gong when the competitors fail.

Competitors are put through a quiz, and when they miss out they pay a forfeit. Not that the idea of a forfeit is new, but the forfeits the victims have to perform have made Britain laugh.

He has the Britishers imitating father putting baby to bed, with appropriate sounds from father and baby; proposing marriage to an imaginary woman; playing the love-scene from "Romeo and Juliet."

"And they love all the nonsense," says Michael.

YOU CAN'T TRUST ANYONE, CAN YOU? In each corner of the minute porch of a private hotel in Kings Cross (Sydney) stand two chairs.

They are solid chairs made from thick pieces of wood.

Around the legs of the chairs are heavy lengths of chain padlocked up to the pillars flanking the porch.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



By any other name

THE latest fashion edict of John Rubel, one of America's leading jewel designers, should be a great inspiration to ladies of fashion who possess jewelled necklaces of fabulous value.

Mr. Rubel, says a message from our New York office, believes that necklaces do not necessarily have to be worn around the neck.

He suggests that a diamond necklace with a large pear-shaped diamond as a centre pendant may be turned upside down and placed with fresh gardenias around the bosom-line of a strapless black evening gown.

He also considers that a necklace of twisted snake-chains with ruby and diamond rosettes can be worn as a bandeau under the upturned brim of a large black velvet breton hat.

The same necklace can be worn as a circlet around the chignon of a side-swept coiffure.

Fashionable women will also take comfort in Mr. Rubel's firm statement that: "The woman of to-day does not have to wait for a formal party to display the beauty of a diamond, ruby, or emerald necklace."

"It is as correct to wear them with a short dinner-dress or with evening slacks and a tailored shirt-waist," he says.

AMERICAN Davis Cup player Frankie Parker likes to wear bow ties. He never wears any other kind. But though he's been trying to learn for years he still cannot tie the bows, and has to get his wife to do it.

When he changed after a practice game at the White City courts in Sydney he came down into the clubhouse reception-room with his tie dangling. He had to wait until he got into the car for his wife to tie it up.

Liberal praise

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE, husband and business manager of Meg Jenkins, English actress visiting Australia under contract to Whitehall Productions, tells this story against himself.

He was standing as Liberal candidate at Colchester in last British elections, when his opponent was supported by a member of the Colchester Repertory Company, with which Meg Jenkins played.

On election eve George Routledge was waiting for his rival's meeting to conclude before conducting his own.

As he approached the platform he heard the member of the Rep. company saying:

"And here comes the Liberal candidate. He's not frightfully good, but his wife's a first-rate actress."

Holiday hints

ACCORDING to a senior police force officer to whom we were chatting in the course of staff-reporting the other day, it only costs intending holiday-makers twopence to ring their newsgate and cancel their paper, while neglecting to do this might result in a £500 burglary.

The sight of newspapers slowly yellowing on the front lawn is an open invitation to housebreakers.

Bread and milk jars displayed in a prominent place during a briefer absence likewise give the green light to prowlers.

Another tip we received is always to remove the back door key from the lock.

If this is not done it's just too easy for someone to push a piece of paper under the door, push the key out with a stick or nail, pull out the paper with the key lying on it, and let themselves in your back door.

And people who carefully hide the key under the doormat are simply being ostrich-like, if they imagine that they are invisible to watchers while they are hiding it.



"Just in case it isn't a RINSO household!"

Nothing to equal
**RINSO'S THICKER,
RICHER SUDS**
for a sparkling wash!



GIRLS! USE RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER SUDS AND FORGET HARD RUBBING WITH OLD-FASHIONED BAR-SOAPS!

AND STARS ABOVE! HOW RINSO SAVES MY CLOTHES! NO HARD RUBBING MEANS I SAVE TIME TOO!

SUCH SUPER RESULTS! LINENS WHITE AS SNOW! COLOURED GAY AS SPRING FLOWERS! AND REMEMBER TO TRY RINSO FOR SPEEDIER WASHING-UP AS WELL!



Z.313.22.



1 JAMES v. JAMES bout. Says Colin, intrigued by size of Dad's punching ball gloves, "I haven't got enough fingers."



2 THE BELL GOES and the diminutive "world chaampeon" comes out fighting. Dad prepares to meet the onslaught.

JAMES K.O.'d by Leatherweight!



★ When British Empire lightweight champion Ron James defends his title against Australian lightweight champion Vic Patrick at Sydney Stadium on December 14, his stoutest ringside barrackers will be his wife, Kate, and four-and-a-half-year-old son Colin.

Attractive Mrs. James attends all her husband's fights, is confident Colin will follow in Dad's boxing footsteps. Colin is pretty confident about it, too—as these pictures taken in the James' flat at Coogee show.



5 "WHO'S CALLING WHO NAMES? Watch out for this smashing right—it's dynamite when it connects."

3 "I TOUCHED YOU DAD," ye on the nose. Mrs. James, who fortnight before his birth. Says



6 "IT'S A TRICK—somebody Colln as he misses, swings ro

THE FAMILY — Ron, Kate, and Colln. Four other children, Rona 11, Rita 9, Peter 7½, Caryl 6, are staying with Grandad and Grandma in Wales.



4 "SO YOU WON'T FIGHT, eh, Featherweight?" rags Dad as Colin breaks a clinch, dances Gentleman Jim style round the ring.

Dad yells the mighty atom excitedly as the 29-year-old Empire Champion takes it easy whose father was a Welsh champion wrestler, bought Colin boxing gloves and a belt. Says Colin, with cute Welsh baby accent, "I am going to be World Chaampeon."

Pictures by Staff Photographer Ron Berg.



7 "... CONNECTS with a k.o. blow. 'Count quickly, Mum,' he urges as Dad tries to rise. One...two...



8 "... NINE, TEN—he can't make it. He's out," says referee Mum, as the Empire Champ staggers. "I won," says Colin, Catastrophic Champ of the Featherweights.

**I'M THAT MAD!
GRITTY CLEANSERS HAVE
RUINED MY LOOKS—
MADE ME LOOK OLD AND
RUSTY LONG BEFORE
MY TIME**

**Clean SMOOTHLY with
VIM
—NEVER SCRATCHES**

**VIM'S THE THING FOR
ME! ITS FINE SOAP-
COATED PARTICLES
WHISK AWAY THE GREASE
AND BURNT-ON FOOD—
WITHOUT SCRATCHING**

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CONVINCINGLY

James said, "Mine."

"You've been away."

"It started before I went. I was hoping it was all over," he said, echoing the feeling in his heart as he looked at Katy. "I was hoping for some peace, but apparently I'm not going to get any."

"Oh!" Katherine caught the tone in his voice and looked at him with an interest that was not quite centred on ghosts. "Now you're back, James, would you let me do a bit of investigating? I wouldn't make a fuss or anything, or alarm your mother or father . . . but I could keep my eyes and ears open, and if there really was something . . ."

"Yes?" asked James eagerly.

"Then I'd ask Mr. Spurr over to investigate himself. It's just what he wants for his new book."

"Yes, of course," James tried to keep the disappointment out of his voice. He had forgotten Mr. Spurr. But at least Katy was interested.

Katy, instead of swinging past the gate with her nose in the air, would come in, and perhaps sit with him and talk, and . . . The train shuddered to a stop.

"Here we are," Katy said. "I'll come round to-night, James, I'm so excited."

She left him in a mist of excitement and apprehension. He slowly set off in the direction of the rectory.

Five minutes later he saw his father's silvered head bent over his desk at the study window, and, walking across the grass, tapped at the glass. His father looked up, smiled and waved absently, as though his son had just come back from a walk.

James grinned, and went in through the front door, across the wide, red-tiled hall into the kitchen. His mother was making a fruit pudding. Betty was sitting on the edge

of the table, swinging her long legs and whistling.

His mother wiped her hands briskly, kissed him soundly, and said with her incomparable intuition, "Darling boy—it's wonderful to have you back, but you're up to something."

"Goody, goody!" Betty cried. "When James is up to something it's always something."

James hesitated—without these two accomplices he was lost. "We've got to get a ghost," he said abruptly. "Sit down, dear," said his mother anxiously. "You've had a long journey and need a cup of tea."

"Katy's coming to-night," he persisted. "She's never taken any interest in me before, and she's only coming now because she thinks we have a ghost. I need co-operation."

His mother stared, a trifle puzzled. "You mean Katy Gilmore from down the road?"

"Oh, mummy," Betty said impatiently. "You know her. Jimmy's had a crush on her for years!" She glanced at him shrewdly.

"What do I get out of it?"

"A new tennis racket?"

"Done," said Betty decisively. "When do we start?" She hugged him. "I really do adore you, you're such a mutt."

It seemed to James that the evening would never come. He spent most of his time closeted with Betty in an atmosphere of conspiratorial mutters, thin wires, pieces of hollow wood, and small, easily displaced objects.

"I'll have to have an accomplice," said Betty seriously. "If Katy knows her stuff at all, she's bound to notice that most of the things occur when I'm not present. How about Billy Clark? He can do the mysterious

Quiet Falls The Night

Continued from page 9

stone-throwing from outside. He's sheer uranium with a catapult."

"What will he want out of it?" asked James resignedly.

"Oh, he'll probably do it for a sight of your medals, or perhaps half a crown."

"All right, he can have both. He doesn't gossip, I suppose?"

"Billy?" Betty was insulted.

"Mummy is the only person you need to worry about in that respect. Heavens, it's nearly dinner time! I'd better clean up. The picture will fall in the middle of the pudding course, and don't forget to detach the wire when you go to pick it up."

"I'd better practise an imbecile expression. Poltergeist children are always mentally under par."

She went out looking more maliciously intelligent than ever.

Half an hour later the doorbell rang and James plunged down the dark oak stairs into the bright hall below. Katy stood at the door in the moonlight.

James said, "Katy!" and put out his hands, and she put hers into them. For a moment they just stood looking at one another.

Katy said, "Oh, but I've brought Mr. Spurr. I phoned him—and as he lives near here he decided to cycle over and stop at the inn to-night, so he could help. You don't mind, do you?"

James became aware of a tall thin young man standing beside Katy. He swallowed hastily, and said, "Of course not. Do come in. This is the most terrific luck."

They came in, and James and Mr. Spurr shook hands guardedly.

James did not like Mr. Spurr. He did not like his eyes, or his ascetic pale face, and he did not like his possessive manner where Katy was concerned. He did not like his own profound intuition that Mr. Spurr's sudden response to Katy's telephone call was not so much because of the ghost, but because he suspected a rival.

Fortunately Mrs. Langdon came in with Betty, and the ice was temporarily broken.

"I'm afraid we're rather imposing upon you," said Mr. Spurr. "But any sort of haunting is quite irresistible to me. Have you had any manifestations to-day?"

James looked agonisedly at his mother, but Betty came to the rescue with a blank and imbecile look, and the remark that "It" did not like strangers, and probably would not perform. Mr. Spurr regarded her with suspicion.

"So many of these cases can be traced to an adolescent desire to be noticed," he remarked acidly.

Betty stiffened, although her impenetrable blankness did not falter. Supper was ready and it was decided that afterwards Mr. Spurr should go over the house.

The rectory dining-room was long and bright and cheerful. The rector served sausages, apparently quite unaware of any atmosphere around him. James looked at Katy and thought how beautiful she was. Mr. Spurr talked a lot about phenomena, and Mrs. Langdon listened politely.

"I think," Mr. Spurr said at length, "your son and daughter have made an error, sir. I never was in a house with a more normal atmosphere."

There was a pause, and James held his breath.

As the rector opened his mouth to reply, a small painting fell to the floor with a crash. Everyone jumped

up. James jumped quicker than the rest. He went over to it, lifted it, flicking loose the thin strand of wire attached to the edge. He gave a sigh of relief as the wire disappeared beneath the carpet. Betty, winding frantically beneath the table-cloth, stuffed it into her pocket.

Immediately, as though on a cue, a small shower of stones came through the open window and fell on the table.

"Well, well," the rector said blandly. "Our ghost is starting early to-night."

The three other Langdons gazed at him in amazement. James choked back the words, "But, father, there isn't really a ghost!"

The rector's words were the signal for an outbreak of raps and a veritable shower of stones. Mr. Spurr leapt to his feet and rushed out into the moonlight. Betty relaxed. The tennis racket should be safe. Billy Clark knew every inch of the rectory's three staircases, stable lofts and climbable drainpipes.

"Well," said the rector amiably, "I'm glad we've provided our psychic friend with some amusement. Will you bring my coffee into the study, my dear? I'll bid you good-night now, Katy. I have a sermon to finish."

He went to his study, and James turned quickly to Katy. "Katy, come and see my special room."

"But aren't we going to investigate?"

"There is the whole evening to investigate in."

"I must say you take these manifestations very lightly," she said surprisedly. "Aren't you frightened?"

"I'm so used to them," he said casually, then added, "They would only worry me if they frightened you."

"Oh . . .!" Katy looked down at the point of her smart tan shoe. She had lived a long time in the village, she knew how good Billy Clark was with a catapult, and she knew how friendly he was with Betty. She had seen an end of wire sticking out of Betty's pocket.

Katy said softly, "I'd like to see your room, James."

He took her up into his little study under the eaves, and turned on the electric fire. Outside they could hear Mrs. Langdon's voice, strained but determinedly cheerful, and Mr. Spurr shouting. They heard loud rapping noises and showers of small stones . . . but they did not move.

"All the time I've been away I've thought of you in a room like this with me, Katy," James said softly. "Have you ever thought of me?"

She looked up, but did not answer. "I'm an awful fraud, Katy?"

"You mean about the ghost?" Her blue eyes were very serious.

"No, about being brave, and showing off, and trying always to impress you, Katy. I seemed to spend my time trying to be with you, to know you, and you never would take any notice of me. Didn't you like me at all? You might have written to me sometimes."

Katy's mouth quivered. She could have told him how much she had thought of him, how she had been angry with herself for loving him, because he had appeared so beautiful, and how she had been determined not to become one of the queue of adoring local girls who followed him about. But Mrs. Langdon came in suddenly, looking loyal but indignant.

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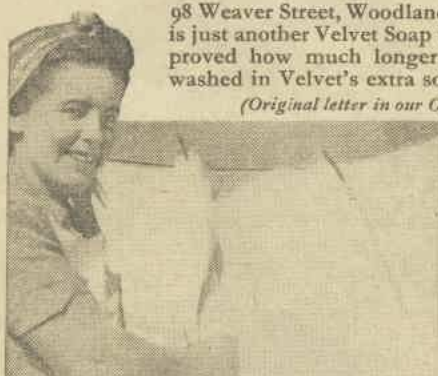
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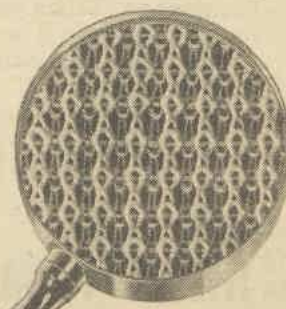


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Eagley Kool AIR-CONDITIONED UNDERWEAR FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

Quiet Falls The Night

Continued from page 28

JAMES, this is getting beyond a joke." She glanced at Katy, stopped, and continued: "That poor Mr. Spurr has been up the back staircase, through the loft and down the front staircase about six times."

"Has he seen anything?" asked Katy, trying to look excited.

"No, it's just the noises again. Betty has been helping him."

At this moment Mr. Spurr himself arrived, looking a lot pinker than when James had seen him last. Betty, more vacant-looking than ever, hung behind.

He saw Katy and James sitting in front of the fire and his eyes narrowed.

"Has anything happened?" Katy asked breathlessly.

"Didn't you hear?" he asked indignantly.

"Oh, yes—although it's been very quiet in here." She and James smiled at one another dreamily.

"It's extremely suspicious," declared Mr. Spurr. "I need a collaborator whom I can trust." He glared vindictively at Katy.

Katy said gently, "Don't you think it would be better if we came back to-morrow?"

They had good haunting the following evening. For one thing, James and Betty got up early and had everything set ready.

It is surprising how a small boy like Billy Clark, with a skinny, wiry body and clothes that don't matter,

can get round an old house like the rectory—a house that has three staircases, innumerable hiding-places, a priest hole, hollow panels, attics, and storage cupboards. It is surprising what choicing rape can be made with hollow pieces of wood suspended down old connecting chimneys.

The other factor was that the rector had gone to attend the bell-ringing practice. When confronted by his children in the morning about his attitude the night before toward the ghostly man, stations, he expressed the utmost surprise.

His remark, he said, had been purely facetious—there were a lot of queer noises in an old house—he always called them ghosts.

Mr. Spurr came very well equipped that evening. He wore rubber shoes so he could run quickly and silently. He brought an insufflator, so that footmarks could be traced on boards and fingerprints on movable objects. He brought strong black thread for tripping, he brought a magnifying glass, and seals for sealing doors.

Betty paled visibly.

They went into the drawing-room and formed a circle. Katy sat between James and Mr. Spurr and held both their hands. Betty and Mrs. Langdon completed the circle. Ten minutes later there was a succession of explosive bangs from the room above.

"It's upstairs!" said Mr. Spurr authoritatively. "You will take the main staircase, Katy. I will take the kitchen stairs. Betty, you remain here. Mrs. Langdon, will you please see that Betty stays? I think," he added triumphantly, "we'll catch it now."

"O.K.," said Betty unconcernedly. There was no hint of the morose now. She had the defiance of a hero who already faces defeat. She and James exchanged despairing glances. This came of measuring oneself against an expert.

James went as quickly as he could through the old scullery, and up the little winding wooden stairs Mr. Spurr had forgotten. He burst out into the light of the main landing. Spurr and Katy were already there. For a moment James' face was as astonished as Spurr's.

At that moment three brass vases out of sight in the hall below fell with a clatter, and the noise could be heard in the kitchen.

Mr. Spurr, with an exclamation of anger and astonishment, fled downstairs into the kitchen. James was about to follow him when Katy caught his arm.

"James," she said softly, "Come in here."

They went into his little study—they stood close together in the lamplight. She put her hand into his. The disturbances had apparently left the house and were careering through the big barn close by. Through a window could be heard horrifying laughs and groans and Mr. Spurr's indignant voice calling imperiously, "Come here, you little blighter!"

"Jimmy," said Katy hurriedly, "I let Billy go down the main staircase, but Spurr's bound to catch him—he's bound to find out."

He said, "But you've found out already!"

She said gently, "I didn't have to—I knew. I'll come and see you anyway, Jim, without any ghost."

He said quickly, "Darling Katy"

Swiftly, gently, their lips met, pretences dropped aside.

The door opened and Mr. Spurr burst in, his hands, his elegant trousers, his fawn jersey, and his pale, ascetic face all smeared with what appeared to be soot. Mrs. Langdon followed him.

"This has gone too far, James," said his mother sternly. "A joke is a joke, but there is a limit. Poor Mr. Spurr heard raps in the apple-loft and, on ascending the ladder, found every step smeared with soot."



"Now let's talk about books! What are the names of some?"

You must apologise and stop the children."

"The whole thing, of course, is a clumsy hoax," said Mr. Spurr, smiling acidly. "I can't understand you being taken in by it, Katherine. It's all so obvious."

Katy looked at James and said: "Can't you?"

James said numbly, "I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Spurr. But I so wanted to see Katy again, and it was the only thing I could think of to attract her."

"Most romantic," sneered Mr. Spurr. "Am I to offer my congratulations, Katherine?"

He broke off short as three shattering raps came from the chimney immediately behind him. He jumped, but controlled himself. "Surely the child knows her tricks are discovered? It's idiotic to go on doing it," he said.

James, standing by the window pointed across the moonlit lawn. "Betty isn't in the house," he said faintly. "She's talking to Billy Clark at the gate."

"Genuine phenomena, by Jove!" said Mr. Spurr.

"Good heavens!" said Mrs. Langdon in alarm.

Three more shattering knocks broke the silence. Soot tumbled down the chimney.

"Oh," screamed Katy, and she made a beeline across the room

straight into James' arms. "Oh, darling, I'm so frightened!"

"My sweet," said James. "My sweet, nothing shall hurt you."

It was the next morning that Betty, entering her father's study, surprised him taking two hollowed pieces of wood out of the chimney. She regarded him with respect. "How did you get in last night?"

"Through the kitchen door, my dear, just as you and Billy came out."

"What was your rake-off, Papa?" she inquired sternly.

The rector regarded his apparatus with quiet enjoyment.

"Wonderful how these old chimneys carry sound. Three good raps up the fireplace can be heard immediately in the room above. Rake-off? My dear, what an expression! I simply did not see why I should be left out of every little joke the family has, and when you went down openly to the gate with Billy I knew you were defeated. Besides—"

—he sat down by his desk—"it's so much nicer that that poor young man should go away with a salvo to his pride and something to write a book about."

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P.355.61

The Australian Women's Weekly — December 14, 1946

AS though taken all by surprise at himself, Trenerry opened the door and scrambled in, and the car drove off. The speed and movement had a comforting effect on Nesta's brain, which was racing and churning like a ship's propeller out of the water.

As the car's pace increased, her thoughts mercifully slowed down and she sat back beside Frank, actually enjoying something for the first time for ages, or so it seemed. These two days since yesterday morning seemed positively a lifetime. She was soothed by the cool rush of air pouring over her face, and by the darkness and scents from the garden as they passed.

There was something hypnotic in the road swooping up and down ahead of them, slipping beneath the car.

Then presently came the white expanse of ocean beach, with the Pacific rollers crashing in on it rhythmically, regularly. Odd, she thought, that waves coming across those thousands of miles of ocean should be arriving as punctually as an express train. Boom! Crash! A forest of spray. The pause, the thunder of approach. And then again: Boom! Crash! A wall of white misty spray curtaining the dark horizon.

After an hour's driving they stopped and Ingle-Jones produced a bottle and glasses. Under the influence of two whiskies Trenerry became almost human, talking cattle-breeding with Ingle-Jones, and Nesta sat back gratefully letting the emptiness of their talk flow over her.

Yes, she thought to herself on the drive home, she felt definitely better. Things would be all right; the mystery would be solved without bringing more trouble to any of them; the danger would slide away from Jack, leaving them safe together again to plan their marriage, to laugh and talk again, and meet with kisses like those of this afternoon.

It was about ten-thirty when the car whispered down the ramp and came to rest in the garage under Chetwynd Court.

Ingle-Jones went straight up to his flat, but Nesta turned back from the lift and followed Trenerry to his office.

"Out of business hours, Mr. Trenerry," she said, "but can I give you a cheque now for the rent?"

He pulled out his bulging key-ring and unlocked the door with those slow, fussy movements of his. Hall the keys on his ring probably didn't open anything any more, but were just relics of his past carried round as symbols of importance and efficiency. The hot air came flooding out of the office with the sour smell of ink and paper and cigarette ash and Trenerry's hunches.

Nesta sat at the desk and wrote a cheque. Blotting it slowly she said: "Have you got any theories about this murder, Mr. Trenerry?" "Me? No thanks! I know better than that. I'm not such a fool as to say what I think or air any theories." His tone was superior.

She said, a shade maliciously: "There is a theory, you know, that he wasn't killed on the seventh floor at all."

"What?"

"That he was taken up there in the lift already dead."

"Who says that?"

"Oh, I don't know. I—I mean, it's possible, isn't it?"

"No it's not." His long yellow fingers, brown at the tips, flicked away the idea from his coat lapel. "I saw him go up—a bit before ten besides," he said, "there's the gardenias."

"What about them?"

"Who's going to murder him down here and take the gardenias up there with him?"

"Yes, there is that. And then, of course, the stick he was killed with was up there all the time, wasn't it?"

"It was." He looked down, pondering a minute. "Some say it wasn't, but it was. Oh, yes, the murder was done up there. Can't be any two doubts about that. I don't care what anyone says, I know he went up there alive." He dropped his eyes again discreetly, took the cheque and folded it, fitting the edges together with care. "It doesn't sound like a sane crime to me," he said slowly.

Nesta saw what he was driving at.

The Gardenia Case

Continued from page 13

She felt the color rush up into her face. "No murder seems sane to me," she said sharply.

"Oh, I don't know about that. They're not all the same, are they? At any rate juries do take into account certain . . . er . . . well, certain unbalanced states of mind."

She stood up. In other words, crimes committed in a "blackout," the blackout Gene had talked about, that Jack was supposed to have had.

The idea came thrusting at her again, crowding her out of the stuffy little office. She snatched up her bag, said good-night briefly to Trenerry and went out, leaving him standing by the metal-shaded desk lamp.

It was then she remembered that Jack's car had been unlocked when she had taken the pullover out of it and she wondered if he had left his keys hanging on the dashboard, too. Perhaps she had better go and see.

She couldn't have said afterwards why such a trivial thing seemed to matter at a time like this, but some part of her mind was drawing her attention to the significance of that unlocked. Jack wasn't as a rule careless about small matters like that. Or was it simply that she had begun to link his belongings, his goods and chattels, with her own?

She went down the short flight of stairs into the garage below.

It was quiet down there now. There was no one about and as she went up to the car she noticed with surprise that the engine was running, ticking over faintly. She put out a hand to the door.

But she didn't open it, because before she could do so the light slanting in through the closed window showed her that there was someone in the car; showed her a hand hanging limply over the driving wheel, a head with eyes open, staring, a figure slumped down over the seat.

For a moment, Nesta stood in the grip of a blind fear. She kept saying over and over "No! No, No," as though to deny this thing were going to wipe it out of existence.

She didn't scream, though she felt the screams rising in her throat, the clamor of tumbling. She backed away and went stumbling among the cars in the slanting shadows, away from what she'd seen, and up the stairs tripping on them, catching at the rail.

The lobby was empty and Trenerry's office locked again.

For a moment she stood like someone paralyzed, not knowing what to do, where to go, how to face this new horror. She felt her heart shaking her body in great laboring thuds.

Why didn't she give the alarm, call for help? What kept her standing there unable even to put out a hand to press the lift button, to go up and summon them?

It wasn't only terror, she knew—blind terror—but a sickening confusion of mind that wouldn't let her move or take one step along a path whose end she couldn't see.

While she stood there Hansen came in through the door from the street. She heard his footsteps and turned. He came towards her. She didn't speak, she didn't need to.

He said, the easy smile of greeting fading off his big broad face, leaving it blank like a slate washed by a sponge: "Nesta, what is it?"

Dumbly she pointed to the flight of stairs to the garage and Gene plunged down them, his shoes making a sharp tattoo on the stone steps.

Down below she pointed again to Jack's car, and he ran forward and opened the door.

It was Amah inside; Amah looking more impassive than usual, with her slanting eyes as open as they had ever been, and her black hair still plastered neatly down on each side of her broad skull. She was sprawled out, hands groping—groping for the door handle, for the klaxon on the wheel, for air, away from this scentless gas that was weighting her limbs and her heart and her lungs with its sweet painless death.

In the face of even this, Gene acted as promptly as usual. Swearing under his breath, he opened doors and windows of the car and lifted her out and laid her on the concrete floor. The light from the naked globe fell full on her childish

tubular body dressed in its black saten trousers and stiffly laundered white coat. It struck a glint from the gold studs in her ears.

Nesta whispered: "What is it? What's happened?"

He jumped up, leant in the car, and switched off the engine. "Carbon monoxide," he muttered. "It's murder—murder again."

"Oh, Gene, are you sure she's dead?"

He was kneeling beside Amah's body, feeling for her heart, her pulse. Even now his movements had the sure precision of a trained medical man's and there was no doubt in his voice.

"She's dead all right, has been for some time."

Yes, this was death, Nesta knew it, leaning over his shoulder and peering down at the face of the woman, even more foreign now, more unknowable than it had been in life.

Normal sounds floated down to the garage, like an outrage to the scene—a car door slamming and a woman laughing, steps in the lobby above.

She whispered again: "Isn't there something they do—artificial respiration?"

He shook his head. "Yes, if you get them soon enough. Too late now. She's been dead quite a while. You could work all night on her, it'd make no difference."

"Are you sure, are you quite certain?"

Still kneeling on one knee he looked up at Nesta over his shoulder. He said: "I wish I wasn't so sure. I wish I hadn't seen so many dead people in the last few years."

Nesta said shakily, "But why didn't she know? Why didn't she get out? The car wasn't locked."

"She did try to. You could see that. She was struggling to get out, but it was too late. She was overcome before she could get the door open. That's the way with this gas—doesn't smell, doesn't cause any pain. It just creeps on you and you fall asleep. The smallest effort makes you breathe deeper and take in more."

The sea breeze eddied round them. He stayed there, kneeling beside Amah's body.

Nesta began to feel dizzy and sick as the moment with its nightmare quality drew itself out, expanded to one unspoken, monstrous thought . . .

Then, in a minute, Gene spoke it slowly, half under his breath: "Well, this is what I was afraid of. I said it might happen again." He got up. "And it has."

"What do you mean?" Her hands gripped the car to keep herself from falling.

"You see what I mean. This thing's come over Jack again."

"No. No. No." She pushed the idea away wildly, leaning back against the door of the car. "It isn't him. Why must you think it's him?"

"Ask yourself. It's the senselessness of it."

She kept repeating through dry lips, staring down at the body: "No, it's not true. Jack didn't do this. Either this or Derek."

Hansen said: "That's what you think and that's what he thinks. If you could hear him deny it—the way he would . . . I know what I'm talking about, Nesta, about these cases. And anyhow, the point is what do you think the police are going to think if they find her here in this car?"

Please turn to page 33

BANISH the agony of TIRED ACHING FEET!



No wonder I always dreaded a day in town! Walking on the crowded pavements was sheer agony—my poor feet were swollen and inflamed in no time.

At the hairdresser's I was thankful to get my shoes off. Why don't you try Rexona Ointment? "It does wonders for me, and I'm on my feet all day!"

So I tried Rexona. That night after bathing my feet, I massaged them all over with that cool, soothing ointment. It was amazing how quickly the dreadful pain disappeared.

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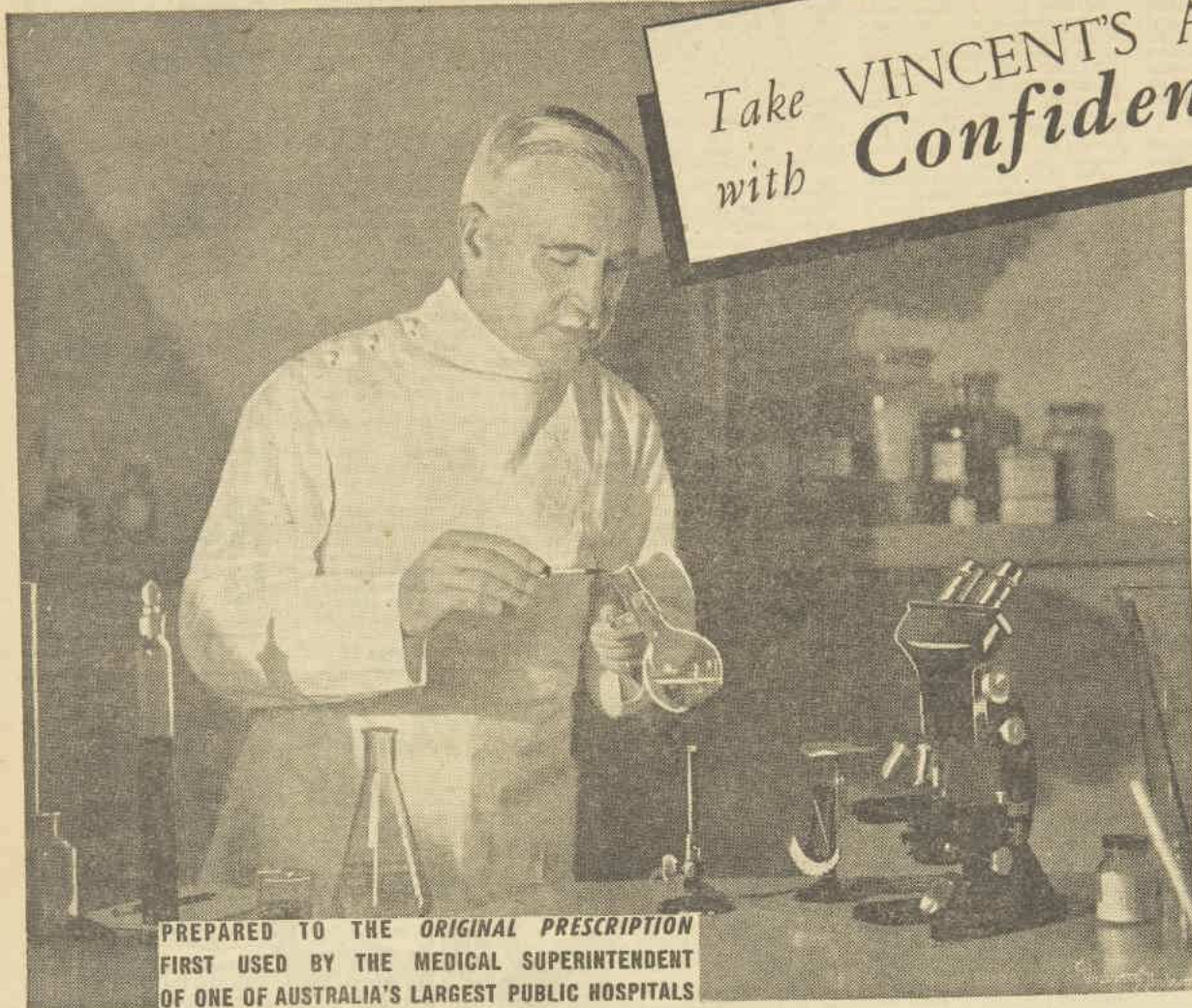
What the future held for Betty...



W.155-18

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Genuine VINCENT'S A.P.C. POWDERS AND TABLETS



In Victoria
South Australia and Tasmania—
Ask your Chemist for Vincent's Powders and Tablets

What's on your mind?

Nursery cars for long railway trips

THIS seems an opportune moment to suggest that all long-distance trains have at least one car for the exclusive use of mothers with babies or small children.

Plans are being discussed for new trains, with improvements such as air-conditioning, so why not a nursery car?

These cars could be built on the lines of a parlor car, with seats running the length of the car, and in front of each seat a bassinets fixed to the floor to prevent movement when the train jolts.

The addition of an electric stove on which mothers could boil water or anything else they needed should also be part of the equipment.

Is this too much to ask, or must mothers continue to nurse their babies for weary hours in crowded compartments and feed them as best they can?

5/- to Mrs. Sheila Grant, 16 Arnold St., South Yarra, Vic.

Mobile X-ray unit

UNDER the auspices of the Tasmanian Health Department, a mobile X-ray unit has been operating for several weeks throughout Tasmania.

Sanatoriums for treating known sufferers should form only a part of the fight to stamp out tuberculosis. Hand in hand with them must go X-ray units to search out latent cases. The two things are necessary for any really satisfactory scheme.

Through its mobile X-ray unit Tasmania is attacking the illness at its source.

5/- to R. H. Catto, Tyrie Private Bag, Inglewood, Vic.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Needless knitting

I HAVE a complaint against the women who take their knitting to concerts, and instead of relaxing and enjoying the music and allowing those round them to do likewise, go for their lives, heads down, needles clicking.



They count stitches, drop needles, and fumble round chair-legs and people's feet to retrieve them. This must be disconcerting to artists. Why do these women go if they are not interested?

5/- to Miss Beta Griffiths, 17 Alma Rd., Caulfield, Vic.

A glove in hand

AFTER buying new gloves first thing to do is insert the owner's name and address and telephone number inside the gloves. They are too expensive to lose these days, and it is a great relief to both loser and finder when the lost glove can be returned to its owner.

5/- to Mrs. R. G. Munro, Barkly, Vic.

Safeguard

THE treadle and wheel of a sewing-machine have a great fascination for children, so, in order to protect them, it would be a good thing if fine-mesh wire safeguards could be manufactured. These guards could fit round the machine, leaving enough room to open drawers.

5/- to Mrs. Helen Winston, Wyalatchem, W.A.

Films in church

THERE is much discussion about the screening of Biblical films in church on Sundays to make the services more attractive. Such screenings would be entirely out of place. We have cinemas six days a week—that should be enough. If we make the church a place of amusement, then we might as well close its doors as a religious sanctuary.

5/- to F. T. Leach, 57 Wallace St., Goswomb, Qld.

A helpful reverse

MRS. R. A. NEUSS (9/11/46) is not alone in having trouble procuring B-size lamp globes. I have overcome the trouble by buying hurricane lamp globes and reversing them. Used upside down they are quite satisfactory, although the light cannot be turned up quite as high as with the proper globe.

5/- to Mrs. N. Armstrong, View St., Miranda, N.S.W.

Time please

IT would be a good idea if small clocks were installed in trains, trams, and buses. If it is at all practicable, because so many shoppers and business men these days are without watches and are often at a loss to know the time.

5/- to D. Richards, 7 Hyde St., Tumore, Adelaide.

The Gardenia Case

Continued from page 31

pulsation drumming in her ears so that she didn't know what he was saying. His voice was just a noise. Impersonal as the sea or the scurrying sea wind.

They went up into the lobby. She only knew that Gene went on talking loudly and breezily about something or other. Something very far away from murder.

There were others waiting for the lift, and they went up in silence to the seventh floor.

The door of Cynthia's flat was open. Outside it, for one moment Gene paused. He took Nesta's arm and spoke to her in a whisper.

"Look, Nesta, see if you can get hold of Cynthia's key, out of her room, or wherever she keeps it, without her knowing."

She stared at him. "Cynthia's key?"

"Yes, her front door key. See?"

"No. I don't see. Why? What for?"

He looked down at his own hand, flicking at his cigarette, and he seemed to be thinking aloud, unaware of her, as he said: "Pete's got one, too, of her door, but he's such a suspicious guy. I wouldn't dare to try and get it. No. You must get hers."

"Oh, how can I?"

"Why not? She always leaves her stuff around."

"But Gene, what do you want it for? What are you going to do?" She couldn't for the life of her see any connection between this and that fresh horror down below in the garage.

He said: "I've got a sort of notion. Something we might do later. Don't ask now. It's too early anyhow. Too many folks up and around. Just get hold of that key."

She cried in a desperate whisper: "Tell me what for, though. Tell me."

"A way of getting Jack out of this mess. Let it ride for an hour. I'll tell you later. Might be quite easy."

He patted her arm, smiled at her

as though everything were fine, not a thing to worry about. Then he pushed her gently ahead of him into the flat.

Cynthia and Driscoll were inside. She hadn't had the early night she'd promised herself—didn't seem likely to have it, either. The radio was playing softly, and they were sitting side by side on the couch, Pete holding her hand, turning the rings round on her fingers as though she'd given him the world in giving him her hand like this to hold and fondle.

Cynthia was looking faintly bored. One man alone—except when only one man made the situation—gave her the sense of being in a vacuum, a hollow emptiness that submerged her power and her charm. Not enough faces to reflect her beauty; not enough eyes to give back those swimming glances of hers.

As Gene and Nesta appeared in the doorway she sprang up.

"Hello. Come on in. Where have you been? Have a drink."

Hansen advanced on the table and lifted the whisky bottle.

"Baby, you never said a sweeter word."

"Have you seen Amah anywhere about? Yes, please, another for me, too. Pete, get some more glasses. Nesta, you look as white as a ghost. What have you been doing, darling?"

Nesta said in a voice that sounded to herself like somebody else's: "It's my hair. Blown to bits, the wind, driving."

She went through to Cynthia's bedroom and sat down at the mirror. Sitting still a moment, sinking her head in her hands. In the big oval mirror her white face stared back at her. No wonder Cynthia had exclaimed at her appearance. She certainly could have seen in it something that a comb and lipstick couldn't put right.

Please turn to page 35

Fashion Frock Service

"MARYLIN"

Jerkin Suit and Blouse

Strictly tailored jerkin suit and cool blouse are fashioned for you in a good-wearing printed rayon and white rayon crepe-de-chine for blouse. The colors for the jerkin suit are blue with white floral design, pink with white floral design, or green with white floral design.

Jerkin Suit, Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 42/6 (13 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 44/11 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/9d. extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 32/6 (13 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 34/9 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/6d. extra.

Blouse, Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 24/11 (6 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 26/11 (6 coupons). Postage, 10d. extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 16/11 (6 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 19/6 (6 coupons). Postage, 10d. extra.

N.B.: When ordering "Marylin," please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure the prompt dispatch of orders by post you should: * Write your NAME, ADDRESS AND STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. * Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on this page. * G.O.D. orders are not accepted.

Needlework Notions



No. 793—Sun Frock for a Little Girl

The pattern for this darling little frock is traced on a good wearing cotton in lovely shades of fawn, dove-grey, and slate-grey. The little bird motif is traced on red washable cotton ready for you to applique on to the frock.

Sizes 1 to 2yrs., 3/11 (3 coupons), 2 to 4yrs., 4/11 (4 coupons), 4 to 6yrs., 5/9 (5 coupons). Postage, 6d. extra.

No. 794—Little Boy's Playsuit

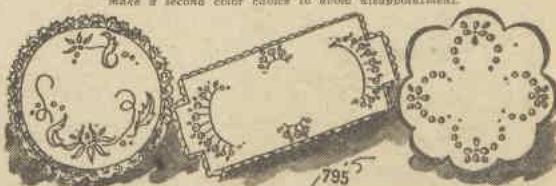
The pattern for making this lovely playsuit is clearly traced on a good wearing cotton in shades of fawn, grey, and slate-grey. The red bird motif is ready for you to applique on to the playsuit.

Sizes 1 to 2yrs., 3/3 (3 coupons), 2 to 4yrs., 3/9 (3 coupons), 4 to 6yrs., 4/6 (3 coupons). Postage, 6d. extra.

No. 795—Attractive Tray Mats

The designs for these sweet mats are clearly traced on a good quality British cotton in lovely shades of green, blue, pink, and lemon, also white. They come to you ready to embroider in pretty cottons. Sizes 9in. diameter for round mats and 12in. x 6in. for rectangular mat. Price, 9d. each. Postage, 11d. extra.

N.B. When ordering Needlework Notions, please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.



SEND your order for Fashion Frock and Needlework Notions (note prices) to "Pattern Department" to the address given in your State as under. Patterns may be obtained from our offices or by post.
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide
Box 4910, G.P.O., Perth
Box 488F, G.P.O., Brisbane
Tasmania: Box 180C, G.P.O., Melbourne
Box 180C, G.P.O., Melbourne
Box 4688W, G.P.O., Sydney
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle
Box 4688W, G.P.O., Sydney
(N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

AUSTRALIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY



Treasured emblem of long service in the work of Red Cross, this simple and beautiful medal is awarded only after 20 years of selfless work for humanity.

As this year draws to its close, it is a reminder that, since 1914, Red Cross has never ceased to care for the incapacitated servicemen of the first World War.

It is a reminder too, that in the years which stretch ahead, we have a duty towards those gallant servicemen and women who are suffering today as a result of the late war — men and women who will need our care for many years to come. In this great work your help is needed by

RED CROSS

Age cannot clutter her

By . . .
VEEBEE JONES

I MADE the great discovery when I bought the HAT. My headcoverings are mostly conservative. In fact I had never worn a genuine piece of Millinery before.

Between us, Madame Tricorne and I evolved a masterpiece. It had roses, lilac, a little bird, some satin bows, and a quantity of tulle, all assembled with consummate artistry on a substructure of butter-colored straw.

The doubts I had of being worthy of this creation wilted under the impact of Madame's rallying words. Of course I could wear it, and with anything. "Excellent!" said Madame in effect.

There came a cloudless day. "Nuts to wedding the raspberry bed," I said. "I'll catch the midday train to town."

My first stop was the garage. Here someone might be able to tell me why the car was making that curious noise. I swept into its cavernous interior, feeling not unlike Royalty on its way to inspire some factory workers.

Mrs. McSprockett was in her office, and I went over as usual to inquire about her cat, but as she saw me she was seized with a painful fit of coughing, and rushed, with her handkerchief over her mouth, through the doorway that led to the McSprockett's apartment.

Waiting about for some other representative of the message to appear, I became aware of strangled gasping sounds coming from behind

an old Vauxhall. At the far end of the garage I could discern the figures of Bert Sump and Harry Terminal, both helpful boys as a rule, but now they seemed to be supporting each other in the throes of identical choking fits.

Finally Mr. McSprockett himself appeared.

Mr. McSprockett is a slow-glancing man, and it took some time for his eyes to reach head-level, but when they did he drew in his breath sharply, and I saw his mouth go up at one side.

Then I knew. They were all of them, every man Jack, laughing at my hat.

The whole object of this recital is to announce that I knew they were laughing, and I just didn't care.

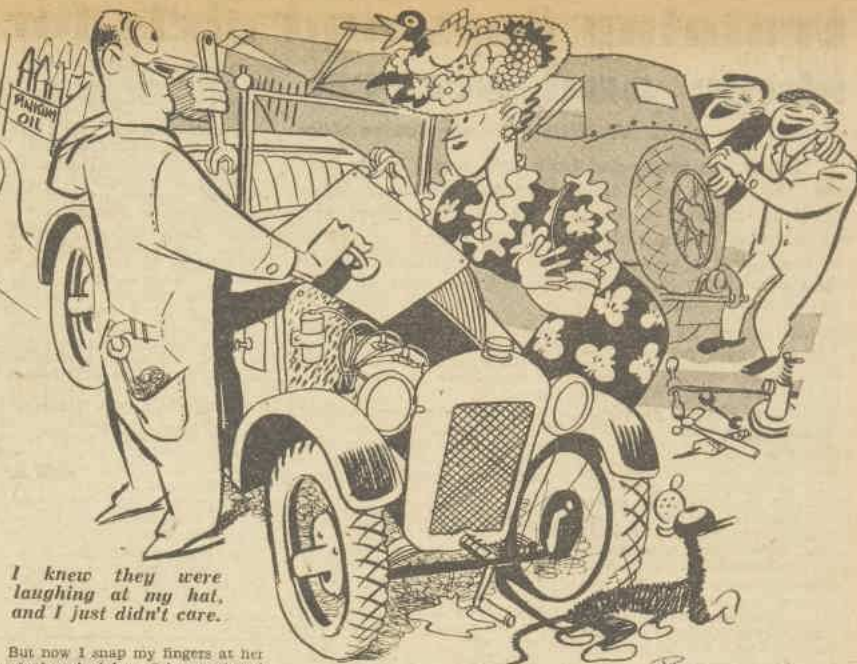
In the midday train I went back and wondered why. I would have cared once, most bitterly. Could the fact that I had passed my thirtieth birthday have any bearing? Was it possible that this magnificent indifference to being laughed at was one of the compensations for getting old?

Since then I have decided that there's no doubt about it; age (or better, maturity) has its victories, no less renowned than youth.

And besides indifference to mockery you find, as you leave the ranks of the spring-chickens, that you develop a comfortable imperviousness to outside opinion.

Years ago, when I wanted to go to a morning session of a film alone, I did so by stealth, because my elder sister said such visits showed an anti-social tendency and that I ought to be outside absorbing ultraviolet rays, oxygen, and so on.

She suggested folk-dancing as an alternative. At one time, such was my malleability, I came close to joining a group.



I knew they were laughing at my hat, and I just didn't care.

But now I snap my fingers at her hygienic principles. I know what I like, and it isn't capering in sand-shoes to the rattle of "Jolly Ned."

It seems that parents and even husbands tend to give up trying to influence your acts and utterances when you begin to mature a bit; from then on, given a spark of spirit, you need be answerable only to yourself and the cops!

When I got to be thirty I discovered a new amusement, which seemed to more than compensate for the bloom gone for ever from the cheek.

It was now possible to say "When I was a girl" and to start making cracks about the young people of to-day and what they were coming to.

Since then I have done a lot of disapproving and not holding with things, from plastic shoes to jet-propulsion.

Then there is the tremendous interest, satisfaction, and sometimes

astonishment of seeing one's contemporaries arrive in positions of influence and prestige.

It's pretty nice to be able to refer to "my friend Slasheim, the surgeon" (or Fanny Footloose, the dancer; or Briefcase, K.G.).

People are impressed. They are not to know that you remember these men of distinction chiefly as boys who sat in nearby desks and snuffed or tittered, and that while a great intimacy existed between you and Miss Footloose when you were both ten, you would hardly care to presume on it now.

I blessed the well-known global smallness last week, when I remembered about my tail-light at the instant I heard a stern voice from a police car say "Move over there, and pull up."

I did as I was told, and sat waiting, with my heart in my boots. But I needn't have worried, because the face that framed itself in the car window belonged to dear old Merv Trunchon. Merv used to live next door, and when I was eleven I sowed him a very handsome marble-bag. It seemed he hadn't forgotten.

But the biggest pay-off came last year. I was lunching alone, at a restaurant which has the sort of salads I like, but little else.

It takes about half an hour to chew one's way through one of their mounds of vitamins, and I spent it in itemizing the features of the establishment which I particularly despised.

I put the squad of lady supervisors

well up on the list, because these cultivate a priestess-like deportment, never smile, never speak above a whisper, and are I think responsible for so intimidating the clientele that normal talk and laughter are rarely heard.

I felt very contemptuous as I picked up my check and swept to the desk to pay it.

But less so when I opened my purse and found nothing in it. Under the cashier's phallic eye I searched every little pocket and compartment, and came up with a French centime and a fume from the car.

The cashier's eye, when I finally met it, was like an ice-coated pebble. She silently reached behind her and pressed a bell.

Back in the days when Freddy Worsted and I were both art students, I never thought to see him in the role of deliverer. But it was Freddy who appeared in answer to that bell, and with a seeming radiance round him, such as must have surrounded Perseus in the eyes of the enchained Andromeda.

He seemed to be of some consequence there. He deflated the cashier with a glance, and asked me into his managerial retreat. We talked and talked.

We had so much information to exchange that we arranged to dine together.

If by the time I reach the late forties I don't number a Prime Minister among my acquaintances I shall be disappointed. I did hear that Gordon Gown was shaping very promisingly at the Bar.



breath he hummed faintly. Surely there could be no concealment of guilt there. Nor on Ingie-Jones' face either, as he sat with his eyes, rayed with their open-air wrinkles, lowered to the cards in his hand. In worldly wealth he could have bought up the lot of them, but he risked a shilling cautiously, hating to be outsmarted by anyone.

In a minute Hansen got up from his place and went over to the table with the drinks. As he went back to the game he managed to slide Cynthia's bag off the couch where she had left it, then, with a quick movement of his foot, he pushed it over the floor to Nesta.

She knew at once what she was meant to do. Murmuring something about getting more ice, she took up the bag and, holding it hidden, went into the kitchen.

She found the latch-key among the litter of lipsticks and powder puffs and scent bottles and crumpled notes and silver. Well, crime for her was beginning. This was where it started, she thought, taking out the key and slipping it into her own bag. She made some play with the refrigerator door, went back to the sitting-room and put the bag back on the couch again.

No one looked up except Gene who gave her a quick approving glance as he leaned down, murmuring to Vida: "How's that, sweetheart? Shall we raise him or show a little mercy? It's up to you to say. You're bringing me luck."

He had only a couple of low pairs but his bluff came to nothing because it was here that the detectives appeared.

To be continued

The Gardenia Case

Continued from page 33

use it now as well as ever he could his injured right.

What would happen to him? When they found Amah there? What had Hansen meant? Had he really any plan to save him?

She turned from the window and walked back to the table.

Gene was leaning sideways toward Vida, holding his cards for her inspection, pretending to ask her advice: "See, honey, what'll I do?" And Vida was melting like a caramel in the sun, a sweet, creamy, melting caramel.

There was no strain or unease to be seen on Gene's face. As Nesta watched him he looked across at her and caught her eye, raised his glass, and flashed her a smile that said: "Don't worry, it's going to be all right. Quite easy." Easy for him, that dauntless optimism, that overpowering sureness.

She glanced at each one round the table. No, no it couldn't be that any one of them knew anything of these savage crimes. They all looked so normal, as though it were any night in the year and just the usual currents of feeling were flowing between them.

Cynthia was playing with that spoilt little girl air of hers, showing a gloating delight when she won, an open petulance when she lost.

She was wearing a dinner frock of ivory crepe, and her hair was tied back with a cornflower blue ribbon—sweetly innocent, baby blonde, Pete, at her side, kept turning to look at her, not quite sure of pleasing her, not quite sure of anything since she'd given him those china-blue eyes, that satin skin, that hair like the gold floss round ripe maize.

The light falling on Van Anders' large face reduced it to one bland plane of amiability. Under his

his glass and got up, and in five minutes the poker game was launched with Pete and Gene and Cynthia, and Van Anders and Ingie-Jones called in. The five sat down at the round table.

Nesta didn't play. Five was the best number, she said. Besides, she was tired and wasn't much of a poker player, anyhow. Besides, besides.

She asked Driscoll, trying to make the question sound casual: "Where's Jack?"

"Jack," he repeated, not looking up from the cards he was dealing, one eye closed against the trickle of smoke from the cigarette in the corner of his mouth. "I don't know. He left soon after you folks went out for your car ride. Do you want him? Shall I go and look?"

"Oh, no. I only wondered."

Vida came in just then. She didn't play either, but pulled up a low chair and sat down at Hansen's elbow.

Nesta stood a moment by the table, then she walked to the window and looked out, seeing only dimly, as though through a blur, the deep repose of the sub-tropical night, the violet darkness of the sky, the long streaks of light from ships moored in the harbor. Below in the darkness at the edge of the narrow strip of beach the tide was coming in, whispering with a sound of weariness.

The air was spuriously cool, stirring the curtains to and fro across the parquet with a barely audible creptation.

Nesta was aware of it all only as a picture super-imposed on that other: Amah, dead in the car, her head slumped forward, her hand curled over the wheel. Jack's car, the wheel on which she had seen his left hand rest so lightly while he boasted laughingly of how he could

NESTA was trembling as she brushed her thick, near-gold hair and rouged her mouth. The everyday actions helped to steady her a little. As she opened a drawer to get out a face tissue, she thought with a pang of fresh distress: Cynthia's key. Was there one here?

Quickly, feeling mean and low as a criminal herself, she turned over odds and ends in the drawer; looking vaguely, silently, without much hope and less enthusiasm.

To be searching another woman's bedroom like this, prying among her private possessions, looking for something whose value when found she couldn't even see. No, Nesta couldn't put much heart into it.

As she stood by the wardrobe she thought she heard steps, someone coming. She closed the door with a jerk, turned away and hurried out of the room and back to the sitting-room.

No one had moved. Just her disordered nerves had caused that sound. The three were sitting as they had been when she left.

Cynthia was saying: "I can't think what's become of Amah. She only ran out to post a letter or something. She never stays out like this."

And Gene said: "Guess you allow that little lady too much leg-ropes. Doesn't do them any good."

He poured a drink for Nesta and handed it to her. "But don't worry. She'll be along shortly. I guess she knew you were going to be in tonight, so thought she could play booky." He glanced down coolly at Cynthia. "You're looking pretty off yourself, Cynthia. You look as though you were tired out, sort of white. Why don't you go to bed?"

Cynthia repeated in disgust: "Bed! Who wants to go to bed? Let's do something. Let's have a game of poker."

It was enough for Cynthia to make a suggestion. Pete put down

Training boys and girls for stage and screen

By cable from ANNE MATHESON of our London office

"Catch 'em young and train 'em" might easily have been the motto of Valery Glynné's Grosvenor Mews School in London, which she says is "For clever kids who want to become film and stage stars."

A roll call of old boys and girls would bring together such famous child stars as Roddy McDowall and David O'Brien, who was in the play "To-morrow the World."

STAR Muriel Pavlow, who played with Robert Newton in "Night Boat to Dublin" and was in the play "While the Sun Shines," started with Miss Glynné when she was 14 years old.

But none of Miss Glynné's pupils' successes are so great that they forget the little Mews School House where Miss Glynné put them through their first paces. They all go back at some time to see Valery and to talk about their early days.

Miss Glynné is an unusual kind of school, for there are not any regular times for attendance nor any restrictions. Children come and go as they wish. But the system of teaching seems successful.

Children love the school and Mistress Valery Glynné and it is not hard to see why. She is kind and has an attractive personality.

Valery Glynné was born in Australia, but she left there when only four years old.

Her school for child actors began in 1934 when one of the film companies needed a baby to crawl down a stairway. Valery said she had a sister who ran a dancing school and who had an 18-months-old baby.

But baby Angela Glynné would not

crawl down the stairs. She walked instead. Valery trained her, and now she is one of the leading juveniles and is in the film "Great Expectations."

After this film directors looked upon Valery as a sure producer of babies for films. So she started her coaching, taking first some of the children who attended her sister's dancing school.

Later, the film companies began to send children to her for advice.

"Sometimes parents are against their child becoming an actor," she explained. "I always ask the child, 'Do you want to do this?' and if he answers, 'Yes!', then I usually persuade the parents to let the child have a trial."

"Occasionally it is the other way about. I have to tell the parents tactfully that it is not good if the child's heart is not in the business."

Valery corrects bad accents by example method. She makes a child with a good voice read through the script with a bad talker, who picks up the correct speech.

Voice-training takes only about ten weeks. For very young children Miss Glynné provides a tutor for general education.

To give children poise and assurance she arranges luncheon and

dinner parties and has boys and girls help to choose and prepare the food.

One of Miss Glynné's smart pupils is Denver Hall.

"He is 15 years old, with a great career in front of him," she said.

"He has a face which looks neither too young nor too old."

"Denver played the son of Tom Walls in 'Johnny Frenchman.'"

When Louis Golding, the film director, told Valery he could not find a Bruno for his film, "Mister Emanuel," Valery had Peter Mullins in her classrooms.

He was an instant success.

David Tricketts, aged ten, has already appeared in films, with Robert Donat in "The Young Mister Pitt," and with Arthur Askey in "I Thank You."

He would have been in more but for his age.

Twelve is the lowest age at which juveniles can act in public, and authorities are tightening up on this regulation.

Children with films and the stage in their blood enlist Miss Glynné's sympathies. David O'Brien was one.

His father wanted him to be a dentist, but Valery Glynné convinced him that David had great acting ability, and then set about training him to prove it.



AUSTRALIAN-BORN Valery Glynné at work in the office of her Grosvenor Mews School, London, where she has trained many young actors and actresses for the stage and screen.

Film Reviews

★★★ CANYON PASSAGE

UNIVERSAL's producer Walter Wanger, with the aid of a good cast and technicolor, has gone back to the pioneer days of Oregon for a rip-roaring yarn which has about everything, except subtlety.

Magnificent scenery, positively glittering in color, wins the honors from Dana Andrews, Susan Hayward, Brian Donlevy, and English Patricia Roe (imported for the occasion).

Andrews, who usually underplays his roles, does so again, as the nomadic pioneer whose love for Susan Hayward, the fiancée of Brian Donlevy, doesn't run very smoothly. Then greed for gold overcomes Donlevy, who, with various others, ends up as a victim of an Indian uprising. Scenes in this sequence are remarkably realistic. Miss Roe as a neat but cool English girl fades out of the picture after a short engagement to Andrews.

The inclusion of Hoagy Carmichael, who composed four songs and sings them, was hardly necessary, but being Carmichael is acceptable.

The film truly can be called a "Big Western." Its production costs must have been enormous.—Victory; showing.

★★★ CARAVAN

THERE'S no doubt that English romantic actors can turn in performances guaranteed to leave fem-

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

inine audiences breathless. This time it's Stewart Granger, who in a period piece from a novel by Lady Eleanor Smith will make every woman wish she could have been either Jean Kent or Annie Crawford, to whom the handsome "Jimmie" Granger makes ardent love.

Incidentally, masculine film fans will do their spot of envying when they see the fiery Jean as a gipsy doing her best to grab Stewart for keeps from Anne. This was the performance which put Jean into the "mobbed-wherever-she-goes" category, and she certainly earned it.

The story is a melodramatic affair dealing with a poor but handsome writer who aspires to the hand of the squire's daughter. He goes to Spain and encounters the gipsy, who gives the aristocratic damsel some uneasy moments about her hero.

Good direction and top-notch jobs by the stars give the film, released by Fox, its high rating, and a special word of praise goes to Australian Robert Helpmann for his unpleasantly vivid portrayal of a coward bent on murder. Dennis Price also is properly villainous.—Esquire; showing.

★ JANIE GETS MARRIED

EVEN those who laughed at the adolescent doings in "Janie," the screen version of the Broadway hit, will hardly raise a twitter over its sequel from Warners, which lacks whatever originality its predecessor could claim.

Joan Leslie is far from happy as Janie, but Robert Hutton makes an appealing young husband. Although he has only a small role, the late Robert Benchley is one saving grace in a dreary whole.—Empire; showing.

★ SINS OF THE CHILDREN

HEALTH propaganda films in the guise of fiction don't come to light very often, but Grand National Studios have released this one starring Cecilia Parker and Eric Liden.

Its entertainment value is not high, though there is some interest in the subject of parental interference in the marital plans of their children, when health is the main subject.

The cast does its best to help point the moral issues involved.—Capitol; showing.



COMPLETELY different from anything he has yet done on the screen, Van Johnson portrays a young Civil War veteran who overcomes the bitter hatred that seeps a tiny Ozark community following the war, in Metro-Goldwyn's "The Yankee."



LEAVING soon for Paris, Victor Francen holds a last-minute conference with Howard Lindsay, Russell Crouse, and Mrs. Day on the set of Warner Brothers' "Life With Father." Francen intends to produce his French version of the successful Lindsay-Crouse story of the Day family.

Red Skelton is buying a dog, for Christmas

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

RED SKELTON is looking around, rather half-heartedly, for a dog to give himself and his wife for Christmas, and behind his search lies quite a story.

Several weeks ago Red and his wife lost their dog Skippy and he turned up at an elderly woman's home 20 miles away.

When they went to claim him they found the woman had knitted Skippy a sweater and was so devoted to him they had not the heart to remove him, so Skippy has a new owner and Red visits him once a week.

"Meanwhile, my wife, Georgia, and I will buy another for Christmas," Red told me as his search continued.

DIANA LEWIS is also busy with Christmas shopping. She confided to me that her present for her husband, William Powell, is a leather-bound volume of "The Thin Man" script, illustrated with stills from the first picture of the series.

WALTER PIDGEON is buying antique silver for his wife and daughter Edna, who is marrying soon.

Each year Walter adds to his family's collection some exquisite antique gift with its history attached.

LUCILLE BALL'S helicopter has just arrived, although Lucille ordered it two years ago.

Now she must take flying lessons in order to cope with it.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY is taking his family to their farmhouse in New York, where he will spend his first white Christmas in seven years.

Bob plans to wear a woollen scarf which was presented to him at two Jims last Christmas.

JIMMY DURANTE will receive as a gift an old upright piano from his business partners, Jackson and Clayton.

Lou Clayton told me, "When Jimmy works out his piano routines he literally tears the instrument to pieces, so we are giving him one that will stand rough treatment."

TONY MARTIN told me that he is sending recordings of Crosby and Sinatra to his Army friends stationed in China.

Tony is not sending any of his own records in case they would think him conceited.

I SAW Metro's singing starlet, Jane Powell, and her mother on the set of the Jeanette MacDonald film "Birds and Bees."

Jane said, "I guess I had better have my shoes now, mother," and mother and daughter solemnly exchanged shoes, Mrs. Powell replacing a pair of green kid sandals with Jane's low-heeled Oxfords.

Jane explained, "Mother and I both take size fours, so she breaks in new shoes for me."

"I like low heels when I am not actually before the cameras."

Tiny, round-faced Mrs. Powell looked hardly older than her 15-year-old daughter as she departed for lunch in Jane's low heels.

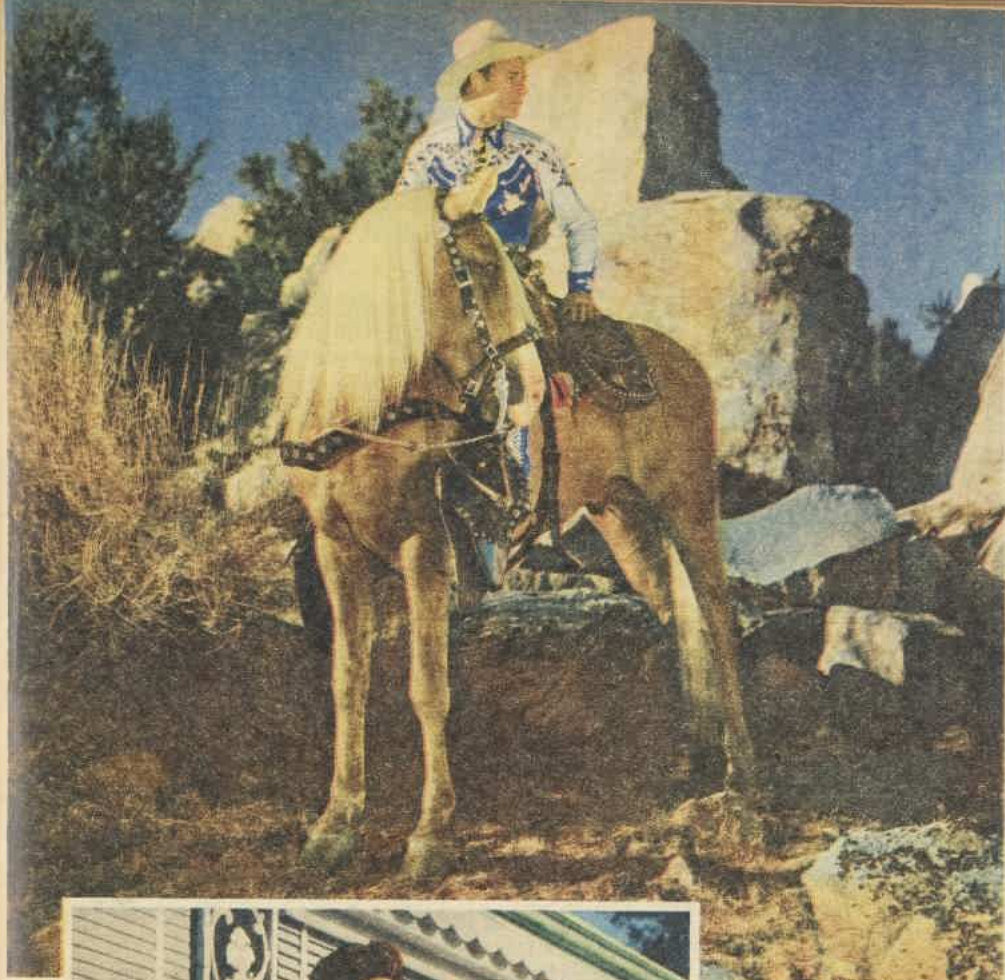
WALT DISNEY is working hard turning out combination live-action and cartoon full-length features.

His latest is titled "How Dear to My Heart."

Disney features are most popular in foreign lands, as evidenced by the fact that his workers are now busy dubbing Hindustani into the film "Bambi," for showing in India.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

In coming films



● ROY ROGERS and Trigger, famous film pair. Star for Republic, Rogers was among the ten top money-makers in 1945. "Under Nevada Skies" is newest film.



● CYD CHARISSE, who went from the Ballet Russe to Hollywood with a MGM contract. She will be seen in the technicolor musical, "Fiesta," which stars Esther Williams.



● ANN MILLER, one of the stars in Columbia's technicolor musical, "Thrill of Brazil," wears the new "shortie" beach coat and huge beach bag. She is the wife of millionaire Revue Milner, and famous as a tap dancer.



● LARRY PARKS, newest Columbia star, who has been highly praised by American critics for his role of Al Jolson in "The Jolson Story." Recently he co-starred with Rita Hayworth in "Down to Earth."

It's worth a fortune
when you find out
what tests have proved



Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter

You're sure to find new brightness in your teeth . . . new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in just one week Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent — and only Pepsodent — contains Irium — the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dingy film . . . floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner . . . in just one week they look far brighter!



For the safety of your smile — use Pepsodent twice a day . . . see your dentist twice a year.

PLA.24

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RAINBOW

is a new sensation in colours. Another triumph from the greatest of American cosmetic houses, and so we hand you the NEW glorious cyclamen tinted Escapade "RAINBOW."

ESCAPADE

The thoroughbreds of cosmetics



1 LOVE AT SIGHT for Burleigh (Kaye), shy milkman, when he meets Polly (Virginia Mayo), whose telephone he uses when his horse collapses on his milk run.



2 TWO DRUNKS annoy Burleigh's sister, Susie (Vera-Ellen). One is Speed (Cochrane), champion boxer, who is accidentally knocked out during fracas. Burleigh is hailed as an expert boxer.



3 CHAMPIONSHIP fight is arranged between Speed and Burleigh to save Speed's reputation. Burleigh begins training in country to impress Polly.



4 ACCEPTANCE by Polly of Burleigh's offer of marriage; but he grows conceited when he wins faked matches.

The Kid from Brooklyn

It took two weeks to photograph a one-round fight during the making of Samuel Goldwyn's technicolor musical "The Kid From Brooklyn," released by RKO. During some extravagant scenes Goldwyn Girls, featured as dairymaids, mingle with beautiful cows relaxing in satin and plush stalls on a marble floor.



5 EXHIBITION of bad manners by Burleigh, now called Tigie Sullivan, results in the engagement being broken off very reluctantly, and sadly, by Polly.



6 TERRIFIC BEATING taken by Burleigh at big fight. He wins match nevertheless, because of trick played by Speed's trainer. He wins back Polly, gives up boxing, and goes back to dairy work.

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The green lotion in the round bottle with the orange label is the original Olive Oil Lotion

OLIVE OIL SKIN LOTION

TRADE MARK & PACKAGE ARE THE GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

IF BACK ACHES KIDNEYS MAY NEED HELP

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people eliminate about 3 pints a day. When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, disturbed nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches, and dizziness. Frequent or poor kidney action sometimes show there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't delay. Ask your chemist or store for Doan's Backache Kidney Pills.

a stimulant-diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes eliminate poisonous waste from your blood.

Ask your Chemist or Store for

DOAN'S
Backache Kidney Pills
DPI5



New Portable Radio
powered by
EVEREADY
TRADE MARK
MINI-MAX
TRADE MARK BATTERY



As mother goes from room to room doing the work she will listen to her serials as she goes. Note the portable on the bedside table. No more trouble to carry round than the feather duster.

★ *Above.* Portable radios were just catching on as the war started. Now, because of wartime developments, the portable has increased in power but has decreased in size. The portable radio is becoming smaller and smaller without any loss in performance and this is largely due to the Eveready Mini-Max battery that helped to make the Walkie-Talkie possible.

Below. Dad will be able to listen to the races whilst he does his gardening on Saturday afternoons. All the leading radio manufacturers are making portables and they will all be equipped with Eveready Mini-Max batteries.



Miss Evelyn Byrd LaPrade

Young and outstanding lovely, Miss Evelyn Byrd LaPrade is a Pond's beauty who has shining golden hair and a gloriously smooth, fair complexion. "Pond's Creams are best for me," she says. "Fair skin like mine needs extra special cleansing care. That's why I choose Pond's Cold Cream. And Pond's Vanishing Cream is a perfect powder base."



Safeguard your skin this easy Pond's way

Here's how to keep your complexion at its loveliest with Pond's Two Creams.

ONE... smooth satin-soft Pond's Cold Cream completely over your face and throat each night and morning and for freshening-up during the day. Pat, pat, pat it in with light upward strokes of the fingertips

to soften and release dust and stale make-up. Wipe off, and you'll love the sweet, fresh feeling of your skin!

TWO... always smooth on a gossamer film of Pond's Vanishing Cream before your powder. It softens away little roughnesses, keeps your make-up "just-so" for hours.



Pond's Cold Cream for thorough skin cleansing. Pond's Vanishing Cream, powder base and skin softener, at all chemists, chain and departmental stores in attractive jars for your dressing table and convenient handbag-size tubes.

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CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE

New angle on . . .

CHILDREN'S TOYS...

By MEDICO

"ANY ideas about toys for the children?" asked Mrs. Wenson as she interrupted my leisurely selection of a new tie in a city shop.

I had brought her family of four into the world, had guided them through their feeding problems, immunisations, and minor ills, so she was one who had a sort of right to ask my help.

I turned from the ties and gave my wholehearted attention to Mrs. Wenson's toy problem.

"I really don't know what to get them," she sighed. "I must keep 'em out of mischief somehow, and, of course, give them a thrill for Christmas as well."

"There's more in toys than that," I told her. "Toys should be chosen with an eye to helping the child express and develop himself. Toys should help a child to learn about life at his level of intelligence."

"Let's start with baby, then. What toys can help a six-months-old babe to develop himself?"

"Help him develop his eyes with several large cotton-reels or spools painted in different colors. Hang these where he can see them and reach for them, but see that they are painted with a lead-free paint. A cellulose lacquer is safe, because he'll suck and chew it as he gets older."

"For this reason, too, all toys should be larger than he can put in his mouth. No toys should have parts that could come loose and so be swallowed or poked into ears or nose."

"What about something for him to cuddle?"

"Of course," I said. "Get him a cloth doggie for his crib, and a



WHAT WILL SANTA bring your children this year? What they yearn for, or what you think they should have? Medico gives parents some sound advice on toy selection in this article.

rubber duck for his bath. These will help him to get the feel of different materials. Let's go to the ironmongery shop for some other toys. A wooden spoon, a few clothespins, and a pie-tin will give him a chance to make a noise.

"Soon he'll need blocks for handling and building. Ask a carpenter friend to save the short ends of wood from his workshop. Smooth these with sandpaper to remove splinters."

"What about Jean—she's four now. What about a toy train?"

"Remember that a child of that age has a vivid imagination, and has no sense of detail. Give her big things to push and handle. A barrowful of clean sand tipped into a large, shallow packing-case will give her plenty of scope. A small bucket, several tins, and a wooden spade or spoon are good 'do with' things. Give her a rag doll to dress and undress. If her toys can help her to express herself as a little

mother, or an up-and-coming homemaker, they will be doing a good job."

"I wish I could take her thoughts away from scribbling on the wall of the sitting-room."

"The answer to that problem is to give her a blackboard and colored chalks. She is trying to express herself, so encourage her along less damaging lines. But give only one toy at a time. Children can suffer from too many toys as well as too few."

"Some ideas for eight-year-old Malcolm, and you can finish choosing your tie."

"Give him a hammer, nails, and some large boards of soft timber. Some empty packing-cases will become a house or a castle."

"Games that encourage interest in school subjects are a good idea. An example would be a jig-saw puzzle made of maps."

"Books that have plenty of pictures are always helpful. Give him his own nursery bookshelf to keep them on. And a nursery table and a chair or two will give him a sense of belonging. See that the chair is the right size, so that he can have his feet on the floor as he sits. The table should be low enough for him to have his meals from it as he sits in his chair."

"Can you give me some simple rules in choosing toys?"

"Yes, there are six of them:

"1. Are they safe to play with? No lead paint, loose parts. Easily cleanable."

"2. Durable in material and workmanship."

"3. Artistic? Simple in form, with colors in harmony."

"4. Suitable for long use at the child's age."

"5. There must always be a place for the child to store his toys."

"6. A place for the toys to be used. Is there floor space?"

Toddler's Book for mothers

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

THE young and inexperienced mother has for years been well supplied with many excellent mothercraft books to guide her in caring for her baby up to two years of age, and in watching over its progress.

However, until fairly recently not so much literature for the toddler was available to her.

The pre-school age is a vitally important period, for body and mind must be strong and healthy, and up to good nutritional standards for the school-going years.

The Good Housekeeping Toddler's Book, recently published, gives clear and concise information on diet, suitable play material and clothing (with knitting and home-dressmaking instructions for suitable summer and winter clothes).

A chapter explains the importance of every mother trying to

understand her rapidly developing child, and helping it to solve the difficult adjustments to life that it has to make at this time.

This useful little handbook for the toddler, priced at 3/6, can be purchased from all newsagents, and from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney.

If ordering through the post, please enclose postal note for 3/6. Postage is free.

N.B.: This 136-page book, profusely illustrated, would make a most appreciable gift to a young mother.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES SAYS:

ARE you one of the guilty ones who wrap the cord round the iron while it is still hot? Well, I hope not, as even mild heat will cause the cord to crack in time, or scorch the insulation.

HERE'S a tip: If milk or grease is spilled on a hot part of the stove and begins to burn, sprinkle salt on it at once. This banishes the unpleasant odor.

DID you know that bacon will curl and shrink less if soaked in cold water for a few minutes before frying?

GLASSWARE polishes so much better if it is held under the cold tap for a final rinse instead of the hot.

Add to the attraction of your hands, with CUTEX



CUTEX

EVERYTHING FOR THE MANICURE

It gives longer wear
Its shades are more beautiful
It is economical to use
It will give you satisfaction



GIVE YOUR flower-loving friend a potted plant for Christmas, something that is useful, beautiful, and will last for years as tangible evidence of your goodwill.

Gifts for flower-lovers

- Potted beauty for the home or potted trees for the garden will solve many a problem of what to give for Christmas.

THE best things to buy and give in pots are hydrangeas, azaleas (particularly the Kurume types), fuchsias, tuberous-rooted and rex begonias, bouvardias, gloxinias, and Chinese and Japanese primulas.

Orchids are in great request just at present, and, although they are rarely in flower round the end of the year, a well-potted cymbidium, dendrobium, or one of the other easy-to-grow species would make an acceptable present.

Palms and ferns provide the recipient with lasting reminders of one's love and friendship for some years.

Kentia palms last for years—if given reasonable care. Phoenix roebelinii, a dwarf type of palm with slender leaves, and a slow-growing type, is famous for its longevity and attractive green fronds.

Others in this class which are useful for home decoration are small braheas (Washingtonia palms), chamerops (fan palms), cocos weddelliana (graceful house palm), cycas revoluta (Japanese sago palm), rhapsis flabelliformis (hardy indoor palm), and a few others.

Many rockery plants of the shade-loving type also lend themselves to potting, and will last quite a few years if given an occasional change to the open air. This also applies to many cacti, billbergias, dracaenas,

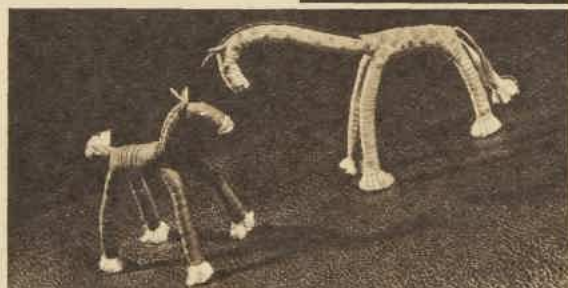
crotons, coleus, marantas, diffenbachias, and others.

Hanging baskets also make nice presents for those who have a bush-house or glassed-in porch or verandah. Those planted with hardy ferns, small, trailing plants, and climbers are the most restful or colorful.

Some gardeners give their friends collections of flower and vegetable seeds for Christmas, while others pack up collections of hyacinth, daffodil, ranunculus, and other late winter and spring-flowering bulbs.

Potted trees that can be grown inside for a few weeks and then transplanted to the garden also provide an unusual outlet for the person who wants to buy a gardening friend a present but doesn't quite know what. In this direction Christmas bushes come an easy first, with red flowering gums, waratahs, oothifers, camellias, and gardenias running next in favor.

—Our Home Gardener.



Hector and Gerry ...ADORABLE FOR KIDDIES

- Such fun to make and give to a little cherub at Christmas.

BOTH Hector the horse and Gerry the giraffe are made from string and bias binding.

They are easily made and are practically indestructible playthings, that is, of course, if well made.

Here are the directions:—

GERRY THE GIRAFFE

You need a ball of string; 6yds. of cream, coarse bias binding; odd pieces of brown leather if possible.

To make a giraffe 7in. long from head to tail, with back 3½in. high, cut string into strips 8in. long (for head, neck, and body), approximately 24 strips, which makes the thickness of the neck (1½in. in circumference). Tie loosely together with cotton, and leave for the moment.

Next, cut strips 9½in. long, using 12 for left back and front legs and 12 for right legs (see diagram).

Tie strings for each set of legs together loosely, the legs being half the thickness of the neck.

Tie legs to body at A and B (see diagram). Begin binding very tightly at A, up the neck to the mouth, and back again to top of the head, cut off and stitch together. (This double

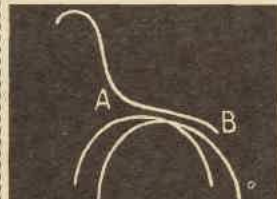


Diagram shows head, neck and body (in one); right legs and left legs. Join at A and B

THIS delightful pair of unbreakable creatures will bring joy to the hearts of kiddies and amuse grown-ups, too.

binding makes the head appear thicker than the neck.)

Continue binding the forelegs, leaving ½in. of the string protruding. This makes the hoofs.

Next bind body, starting at point A, and finishing at point B, cut off and stitch together. Bind hind legs and finish off.

Cut a tail and ears out of leather, and stitch into place.

Make a mane with brown wool in buttonhole-stitch, beginning at the head.

Sew in eyes, and cover up the mouth with brown wool. Paint diamond-shaped brown spots on the body and neck.

HECTOR THE HORSE

You need a ball of string; brown, coarse bias binding; brown leather.

To make a horse 4½in. long, with back 3½in. high, cut string into strips 6½in. long (for head, neck, body, and tail), and 8½in. long for each pair of legs.

Make the horse in exactly the same way as the giraffe, except for the tail, which is part of the body and is bound for ½in.

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Are Consoles Highbrow?

If your measure of a highbrow is of one who prefers Toscanini to Tex Morton, then Tasma Consoles ARE highbrow.

To a Tasma Baby receiver Mozart or Menuhin are just music to be faithfully reproduced for ears which are just a shade less critical. In other words, the convenient, portable, compact Tasma mantel model, is definitely not "lowbrow."

Actually, therefore, you want a Tasma Console; you need a Tasma Baby.

The important point is that both are within your means. Ask your nearest accredited Tasma retailer for all the facts.

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FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY

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Just look what's in early store for you by seeing your Healing Dealer now.

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HEALING GOLDEN VOICE RADIOS, unsurpassed for range and clarity of tone, to entertain you while you work and whileaway the "flat-spots" of your day. In modern, streamlined, plastic mantels and vacuum-pressed veneer consoles . . . they're harmony for the ear and for the eye.

HEALING CYCLES to cut shopping-time in half and end shopping-bag neuritis. They're the smartest, smoothest things on wheels, and you can buy one for less than weekly fares.

A. G. HEALING LIMITED, MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, ADELAIDE

GLAMOR . . . goes to the head

By CAROLYN EARLE
Our Beauty Expert

IF personal appearance favors were being handed round on a platter, I'd like to hazard a guess there would be any number of women who would leap at the chance to make their hair more eye-arresting in color.

Show me, for instance, the woman who would not like to be "the one with the red hair," or "that gorgeous blonde," rather than the workaday brownette, the almost brunette, or the rather mousy in-between.

It is true that, for straight-out glamor and vivid "shock" appeal, no other colored hair can quite touch red in any one of its many fascinating tonings, irrespective of whether it came that way or not.

It is the most direct way of looking "knockout," of turning all other heads, of suggesting the most feminine sort of allure.

The woman born with red hair inherits along with it an entirely separate set of pigmentation and beauty-difference. Taking full advantage of both, and adding to it a sense of the dramatic, she can make color her most valuable ally.

There is only one hard and fast cosmetic color rule for the copper-top; the skins of all natural red-heads are cream in color and yellow in undertone.

Nature, being a master of color,



LUXURIANT, colorful hair that is fine textured, healthy is a glamor "must."

has never put red hair on a blue-undertoned (or olive) skin. Only woman makes that mistake.

So, regardless of clothing colors, whether a natural or persuaded red-head, foundation and powder should have a yellow cast, and rouge and lipstick be in shades of golden-red with a yellow undertone.

Then the beautiful blonde seems to have an edge on most other colors, but, to me, her appeal is quite different from that of the red-head. The blonde typifies blatant, dazzling youth, the other mature sophistication, with, perhaps, a touch of mystery.

The present-day art of coloring the hair has changed enormously

since the days when the word "dye" was whispered in quiet corners, well out of ear-range of the children, and there are now all sorts of exciting—and credible—shades in all color groups for those born with more matter-of-fact thatches.

All the scary guesswork has been eliminated from the art of hair dyeing. In the hands of a competent operator you can be perfectly confident of the shade with which you will appear in the discerning light of day, and, more to the point, know for sure that the actual texture of the hair has not been harmed.

The spiritual lift that comes from the knowledge that your hair is lustrous and highlighted will reflect itself in upright carriage and a proudly held head.

There's good news for all dull locks in shampoo preparations keyed to individual hair color, and perfectly safe for use in your own bathroom.

The blonde has the lemon shampoo—a sweet-smelling blend of natural lemon oils—to reawaken those golden glints in her hair.

For the brownette there are special shampoos with a camomile base to highlight lurking color.

The henna shampoo to add a new, coppery sheen to red hair.

And for the brunette a pine-scented, pine-tar shampoo will work gleaming wonders.

The more mature greyhead wants a shampoo preparation that will neutralise the tendency to yellowness. Best shop around for the perfect one.

Rinses and dyes

THE comforting thing about color-experiments is that they need not be all-or-nothing. Let's pretend you can't decide about actually dyeing your hair. What to do?

Why, simply try a temporary rinse or tint first. It will last only until the next shampoo, and if you want to go back to your original hair-color there's not a thing to prevent you.

Generally speaking, vinegar, lemon, or bluing rinses are the preferred ones for home use, and they give lustre without changing the basic color in any way. That is their purpose—to highlight the natural color, not to change it.

With marketed products, follow directions implicitly. And if there is to be any margin for error, keep it on the side of less than suggested.

About actual bleaches and dyes there is only this to be said: Many of the newly perfected ones are excellent—in the hands of the expert who truly knows how.

And once started with bleaches and dyes it takes time and money to keep the head looking natural and immaculate.

While on the subject of bleaches and dyes, the moment seems opportune to mention the much-used word "allergy." Now, in case you don't know (and to put it as simply as possible), an allergy is a special sensitivity to a particular outside agent—animal, vegetable, or mineral. The whole allergy business is unpredictable, and often complicated, and it's an excellent idea for intending bleach-and-dye users to have a patch-test made at the outset and be on the safe side.

Courtaulds
LIMITED, ENGLAND
RAYON

When you are considering the purchase of new clothes, you will find it advantageous to ask for dresses and lingerie made with Courtaulds rayon.

If you prefer to make your own things at home, the lovely fabrics made with Courtaulds Rayon Yarns provide quality and service as well as beauty.



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Sophisticated?

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cigarettes are
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one.

CARRERAS LTD. — OVER 150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

The most Exciting Savouries are made
with **KRAFT** cheese



Kraft
tastes better because it's
BLENDED BETTER!

Golden Kraft Cheese has the same rich, tempting flavour and blended goodness in every mouthful — the same creamy smoothness and freshness from the first to the last slice in the packet!

NOURISHMENT NOTE: Ounce for ounce, there's no basic food to equal cheese for complete, high quality proteins... for calcium, phosphorus and other valuable nutrients of milk.

So ask for Kraft Cheese in the smart 8 oz. packet, or have the exact quantity you require cut from the economical 5lb. loaf at your grocer's.



Listen to
"MARY LIVINGSTONE, M.D."
every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and
Thursday morning in all States

CHRISTMAS Party Platter

Take one large, flat salad platter and arrange sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese in centre. Surround with circle of Kraft Cheese Pinwheels and alternate tiny Stuffed Tomatoes in lettuce cups with bundles of Cheese Straws, sliced cooked sausage, rolled sandwiches or savoury biscuits. Garnish with stuffed olives, gherkins or pickled onions.

KRAFT CHEESE PINWHEELS: Cut bread very thinly and trim crusts. Shred cheese and mix to paste with a little milk and seasoning.

Spread on bread, roll and cut crosswise into thin slices.

STUFFED TOMATOES: Take very small, ripe tomatoes, cut as illustrated, scoop out pulp. Season, sprinkle with shredded cheese and chopped gherkin or celery and garnish with parsley sprigs.

CHEESE STRAWS: Mix into 2 cups Krusto, 4 oz. of cheese, quarter teaspoon cayenne pepper, half cup water. Roll out to thin layer of dough and cut into strips, brush on a little water and sprinkle with salt. Bake in a quick oven until golden brown.

Three Little Australians

born
under the Sign of
SAGITTARIUS



From November 21st to December 20th the Sign of Sagittarius, the Archer, holds full sway and these three little Australians were born under this Sign. Sagittarians are usually ambitious, showing great enterprise in business or anything they undertake. They like change and variety and may possibly interest themselves in many different fields of activity. So life is full of promise for children born under this Sign — particularly those whose mothers safeguard their health with Vegemite.



BERNADETTE ANNE BURKE

Four years old on December 7th, Bernadette is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Burke of Bracken Street, Moorooka, Queensland. "Ever since Bernadette was 15 months old, she has been having Vegemite," Mrs. Burke says. "I have found it a most nourishing food and I can recommend it to all mothers."



ROBERT LOVELL

The son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Lovell of Salt Street, Concord, N.S.W., Robert was born on December 6th, 1942. Mrs. Lovell says: "At 14 months I took Robert along to the Infant Welfare Centre. The Sister there said he needed Vitamin B and she recommended Vegemite. I bought some straight away—the improvement in his health was soon evident."



BARBARA LEWIS

Barbara's birthday is November 21st and she is the two year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Lewis of Mason Street, Regent, Victoria. Mrs. Lewis says: "Barbara has been having Vegemite regularly ever since she was six months old. She loves the Vegemite flavour and I know it's rich in the vitamins she needs for good health."

Vegemite — a little does a power of good, because it is:

- ★ Richer in Vitamin B1 (Aneurin)
- ★ Richer in Vitamin B2 (Riboflavin)
- ★ Richer in the anti-pellagric factor (Niacin)
- ★ Tastier and Costs less.





By The Australian Women's Weekly
Food and Cookery Experts

HERE they are . . . mouth-melting Christmas candies made colorful and charming with gay Christmas trimmings.

There's an idea for you, too. Have you ever thought of packing home-made candies into Christmas boxes and passing them on? A gift guaranteed to please both the one who gives and the one who receives.

You'll enjoy covering boxes with Christmas paper, lining them with bright cellophane, packing them full of candies and standing back with pride to survey the result.

The recipe for each candy illustrated is given on page 46. Details of making are explained. No special equipment is necessary.

Results are guaranteed to be remembered long after candies have disappeared.

Don't be selfish—share the fun. Organise a family working-bee to cover boxes and help make and pack the candies.

Keep your helpers so busy they won't have time to taste results until the last box is filled—then let them go ahead.

Continued on page 46

Christmas Candies

If I'm not always top of the class, I'm always on top of my form. You see, I make this a rule—



—every morning take

ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"



**PEOPLE WHO SAVE
GET WHAT THEY WANT...**



LET'S be "common-sense" about saving. We don't save money for the mere pleasure of stacking coins one upon another, for after all, money is only valuable for what it will buy. Usually we save money because that is the only way we can get what we want.

What you want is your business—helping you to get it is our business.

After all it is up to you whether to spend the easy way or save the—comparatively—hard way. Our part is to provide that simple, efficient vehicle for your savings, the Savings Bank Account. Whether yours is a special objective or just the sound practice of thrift, the Savings Account will provide every facility you need.

And the Commonwealth Savings Bank service is as wide-spread as Australia itself.



**COMMONWEALTH
SAVINGS BANK
OF AUSTRALIA**

THERE'S A BRANCH OR AGENCY IN YOUR DISTRICT

CSB 16-87

This week's winners!

RECIPE CONTEST

ORANGE macaroon cake, the main prize-winner, will prove an interesting addition to lunch-boxes and picnic-baskets.

The cake mixture is made from a plain foundation recipe and the macaroon topping placed on the cake before baking is flavored with almond essence and coconut.

Combined with the orange flavor of the cake it is a real winner.

Cherries are now well in season and are featured in two of the prize-winning recipes this week. The steamed cherry pudding and the sherry fruit loaf are both well worth trying.

When fresh cherries are not available, crystallised cherries may be used in the cherry pudding.

ORANGE MACAROOON CAKE

Quarter pound butter or margarine, 1 cup sugar, 2 egg-yolks, pinch salt, grated rind of 1 orange, 2 cups self-raising flour, about 1 cup milk.

Cream shortening and sugar. Add orange rind and egg-yolks, beating well. Add sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Place mixture into greased slab-tin lined on the bottom with a piece of greased paper.

Topping: Two egg-whites, 2 tablespoons sugar, pinch salt, almond essence, 1 cup coconut.



PRIZE CAKE: One of our cookery experts smoothing meringue topping on orange macaroon cake. (Right): Out of the oven and quite cool, the cake is being cut into blocks for the testing and tasting.

Beat egg-whites stiffly with pinch of salt. Add sugar, beating well, then add almond essence to taste. Lastly fold in coconut. Spread over cake mixture. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) from 30 to 35 minutes, covering with paper after first ten minutes if meringue is browning too quickly.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Ryder, 18 Barkly St., St. Kilda, Vic.

SHERRY FRUIT LOAF

Quarter pound butter or margarine, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup sherry, 1 cup water, 1lb. mixed fruit, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1lb. stewed stoned cherries (drained free from syrup), 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 2 eggs, 2 cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt.

Place shortening, sugar, sherry,

water, fruit, spice, and cinnamon in saucepan. Bring to boil. When boiling remove from heat, stir in bicarbonate of soda. Add cherries, then well-beaten eggs. Lastly fold in sifted flour, baking powder, and salt. Mix well. Pour into well-greased paper-lined loaf-tin. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) from 1½ to 1¾ hours. This cake improves considerably if kept a few days before cutting.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Ian Edgley, "Lower Quamhorne," Quamhorne, N.S.W.

STEAMED CHERRY PUDDING

Pudding: Six ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3oz. butter or margarine, grated rind of 1 lemon, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons condensed milk, about 1 cup water, 1 cup stewed stoned cherries (free from syrup).

Sauce: One teaspoon cornflour, 1½ cups stewed, drained cherries, 1 cup syrup, 1 tablespoon honey.

Pudding: Sift flour and salt. Rub in shortening. Add lemon rind. Whisk egg lightly and add condensed milk. Add cherries to pudding, then stir in egg and condensed milk and sufficient water to make soft consistency. Mix well. Place in greased pudding-basin. Cover with greased paper, and cook over boiling water from 1½ to 1¾ hours.

Sauce: Blend cornflour with a little of the cold cherry syrup. Heat remainder of syrup. When hot, stir in blended cornflour and honey. Stir till boiling. Boil till slightly thickened. Add cherries. Pour over pudding before serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. B. Stibbs, 46 Hunter St., Wonthaggi, Vic.

Christmas Candies

Continued from page 45

YOU can make and serve these with pride. They've been tested and found delicious.

MARSHMALLOWS

Five level tablespoons gelatine, 2lb. sugar, 1½ cups cold water, 1 cup boiling water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla, icing sugar, toasted coconut or crushed cornflakes to cover, coloring.

Soak gelatine in cold water. Place sugar and boiling water into large saucepan, bring slowly to boiling point. Add soaked gelatine, boil steadily 20 minutes.

Note: A large pan is necessary, as the mixture tends to boil over. Pour into a large basin, cool, add lemon juice and vanilla. Divide into three portions; color one green, one pink, leave one uncolored. Beat until very thick. Pour into greased slab-tins thickly sprinkled with icing sugar. When quite set remove from tins, cut into one-inch squares, toss in sifted icing sugar, toasted coconut or crushed cornflakes.

FONDANT

Two pounds sugar, 1 pint water, 1 tablespoon glucose, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Place all ingredients into saucepan, stir gently over very low heat until sugar dissolves. Cease stirring, increase heat, and boil to 240 deg. F. (or test by dropping a little into cold water—it should be easily kneaded with the fingers to form a soft ball). Pour into a basin. When cool beat until thick and creamy. Knead with the hands until smooth and workable. Wrap in

waxed paper, then in damp cloth, and set aside until needed.

Used for fruit rolls, walnut creams, almond creams, date creams, prune creams.

Fruit Rolls.—Portion of fondant, almond or vanilla essence, any desired coloring, 3 tablespoons chopped fruit (dates, raisins, figs, cherries), 1 tablespoon chopped nuts.

Work coloring and flavoring into fondant by kneading with the hands. Press flat on waxed paper. Spread with fruit and nuts, finely chopped. Shape into a roll, cut in slices.

Walnut Creams.—Color and flavor fondant, shape into small balls, press a walnut half on either side.

Almond Creams.—Color fondant and flavor with almond essence. Shape into small balls, press an almond on either side.

Date Creams.—Form dates or prunes into boat shapes, fill with colored and flavored fondant.

COCONUT ICE

Two cups sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon glucose, 1 cup coconut, 1 teaspoon vanilla, pink coloring.

Place sugar, milk, and glucose into a saucepan and boil to 236deg. F. (or test by dropping a little into cold water—it should form a soft ball when moulded with the fingers). Remove from heat, divide into two basins. When slightly cooled add half the coconut and vanilla to each basin, and color one portion pink. Beat until thick. Press one portion into greased tin, press second portion on top. Allow to become quite cold before cutting into squares.

Cherry Creams: Use recipe for

coconut ice, substituting 1 cup chopped, drained cherries for the coconut.

Ginger Creams: Use recipe for coconut ice, substituting 1 cup chopped, drained ginger for the coconut.

Note: If crystallised cherries or crystallised ginger are used they should be soaked in hot water to remove sugar before chopping. Cherry creams may be colored pink; ginger creams colored pale yellow.

RAINBOW JELLIES

Five level dessertspoons gelatine, 1lb. sugar, 1 pint cold water, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla, red, yellow, and green coloring, castor sugar.

Place sugar, water, and gelatine in large saucepan. Boil steadily 20 minutes. Allow to cool, add flavorings. Divide into three portions, color one red, one yellow, one green. Pour red jelly into wet slab-tin. When just set, add yellow jelly. When this is firm, add green jelly. Cut into squares when set, toss in castor sugar.

CREAMY CARAMELS

Four ounces margarine or butter, 1lb. brown sugar, 1 tin sweetened condensed milk, 2 tablespoons golden syrup.

Melt margarine with sugar. Add golden syrup and condensed milk. Stir over low heat until mixture leaves sides of saucepan and can be gathered into one mass in centre of pan—about 15 to 20 minutes. Pour into well-greased tin. Mark into squares with a knife while cooling. Break into squares when cold.

TOYS THAT ALL KIDDIES LOVE

Byclops

FOR LONG WEAR

MOTOR CARS
TRICYCLES
SCOOTERS
DINKIES
DOLLS PRAM

SUPPLIES LIMITED

X MOTHER
rid your child
of Worms

Thousands of Mothers have learned to depend implicitly on SAN-O-LAX WORM SYRUP for quick, permanent relief. San-o-lax contains salutarin, a valuable medicinal ingredient which quickly gets to work (usually whilst the child is sleeping) and not only destroys any worm presences, but also prevents recurrence. When your child is restless in its sleep don't listen to those who say, "It's just constipation." It may be worms. If it is, don't delay, get SAN-O-LAX and start using right away. Children like it because it's pleasant to take—not like a medicine.

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WORM SYRUP

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Mascara. Waterproof; easy to use; makes lashes thicker, longer. Black, brown and blue.

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A HAPPY CHRISTMAS
for everyone
 with **FOSTER CLARK'S Creamy Custard**



The Christmas stage is set, with gleaming silver, tall red candles, and a rich traditional Christmas pudding. And now, as the crowning touch of perfection, add the Foster Clark's deliciously *creamy* custard. It's so simple to make, even in the midst of Christmas cheer and bustle, and the flavour is always mellow.

This is assured because Foster Clark's have the great old English custom of using only the finest ingredients. To make some original holiday sweets, write for your complimentary copy of the free 60-page Cookery Book . . . to Foster Clark (Aust.) Ltd., Dept. R.B., Redfern, N.S.W., enclosing 2½d. to cover postage.

FOSTER CLARK'S Creamy Custard



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NO-SHRINK



For shimmering-summery frocks choose Sparva... the versatile British fabric that is no-shrink, no-crease, no-fade.

SUPPLIES AT PRESENT ARE VERY LIMITED



CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS. If you are giving a children's party see that the table is as gay as gay can be. Cheapest glasses can be decorated with stars or ringed with color. Use quick-drying lacquer and a child's paint brush. Centrepiece can be fruit or a box of tiny gifts.



FORMAL BUT CHARMING SETTING for the dinner-table on Christmas Night. Elegant little figurines decorate centre of table and between them are placed flat sprays of golden cypress to simulate Christmas trees. The sprays also form a Christmas-tree motif on the skilfully folded serviettes.

Merry Christmas to all!

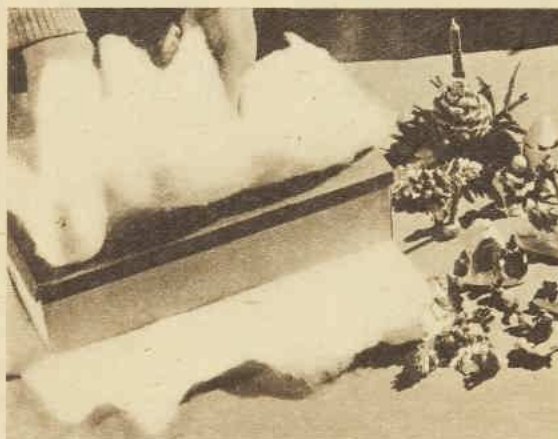
YOU don't have to be an artist to carry out the festive ideas suggested here; nor do you need a lot of money...

Brimming over with the Christmas spirit, armed with a spot of artistry and imagination, you and your family are simply going to make this the brightest of all festivals.

No matter what the future... It's the season for feasting and jollity, for joyous sharing and giving—it's Merry Christmas, 1946!



CHRISTMAS tea-table idea. Lovely Maureen O'Hara (RKO Radio player) lighting the candles at the festive board. Roses and trailing green form centre; posies deck serviettes.



CHARMING AND EFFECTIVE centrepiece for the Christmas table can be easily built up on a shoe-box covered with cotton-wool. Decorate with tiny trees tied with brilliant red bows or painted cones and holly sprigs, stars cut from silvered paper... such fun!



ANOTHER IDEA for the Christmas dinner table: Giant red paper strips are used. Greenery, nuts, fruit, candles en masse complete scheme.



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LUX TOILET SOAP
ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS
LEAVE SKIN SOFTER,
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Actual Statement
by

June Haver

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in technicolor musical,
"THE LITTLE GIRLS
IN BLUE"

Tests show
3 out of 4 complexions
improved in a short time
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Try Hollywood's own complexion care—active-lather facials with pure white Lux Toilet Soap. Pat the rich creamy lather gently into your skin. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold and pat with soft towel to dry. Your skin will feel softer, smoother. Take a daily beauty bath with Lux Toilet Soap, too, and see your skin grow lovelier all over!



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**Blessed New Relief for
Girls who Suffer
Every Month.**

WHEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along... and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry... why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate, safe relief from period pain, headache and sick-feeling—without the slightest "doping." Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say Myzone relief is quicker, more lasting than anything else they've known.



"Myzone not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as I used to get pimples." M.P.

★ The secret is Myzone's amazing Acterin (anti-spasm) compound. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.



YOUR WINDOW-BOX can say "Happy Christmas" for you, too, decked after the style of that shown above. A spangled pine (or cypress) branch makes the centrepiece.



HANG A BASKET on your welcoming front door this Christmas. It can be beautiful and different; it can carry trailing greens, or it can be filled with simple garden blooms. Finish with a festive bow, of course!



CHILDREN'S EAGERNESS to help with Christmas should be encouraged, for it is their festival. Do have a Christmas tree, and allow them to help with the decorating, with the placing of the mysterious, intriguing, and festive-looking parcels that have been wrapped.



GET (as well as give) all the pleasure you can out of beautifully wrapped packages. Wrap them gaily as demonstrated by Laraine Day, MGM star, and tie prettily. A posy of flowers gives a lovely finish to the festive gift.



IF YOUR SPIRITS do not run to a basket for the front door, a garland of greenery will joyfully serve. For swift effect use ivy or other trailing vines. Finish with a gala bow. Effect is heart-warming.

Lips that say:
"my choice
is forever—
Amber"

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QUALITY
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AMBER CHEMICAL MANUFACTURERS



Queensland Govt. Tour. Bureau photo.

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Beyond the horizons of your everyday life lie undreamed of beauties—deep forests stretching for miles from the foot of some craggy height, mischievous waterfalls dancing down polished rocks; surf fretting the edge of sun-drowsy beaches; tall timber giving ear to the message of the breeze.

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SUN OR WIND CANNOT BURN THROUGH Hamilton's SUNBURN CREAM

Not greasy, vanishes instantly, no 'feel' whatever, yet the fairest skin will tan, but CANNOT BURN, under the finest film of Hamilton's.

Research on photographic plates and on most sensitive human skin has proved that Hamilton's is a cream which DOES PREVENT SUNBURN.

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THIS CHRISTMAS

Malvern Star, the world's super cycle, the envy of his admiring schoolmates. Then let his dream come true! Nothing could give him more pleasure than a sparkling new Malvern Star at his bedside on Christmas morning. But make sure of delivery by calling in and placing your order to-day at any Malvern Star Branch or Agency throughout Australia. Easy terms available.

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Over forty?

Then read this!



Even if the years are beginning to mount up, it is possible to continue vigorous in mind and body, self-confident, alert, adaptable, and able to play one's full part in the world. Start taking Phyllosan tablets to-day! Just two tiny tablets three times a day before meals... so easy to take, but, if taken regularly, what a difference they make. Many thousands of men and women, particularly those over forty, owe their health and vigour to these wonderful little tablets.

At Chemists and Stores, 3/6 and 6/- (double quantity)

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over - forties

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At teething time—or at any time if baby is a trifle feverish—give Ashton & Parsons' INFANTS' POWDERS. They soothe at once—cool the blood, gently regulate the motions. Never be without these wonderful powders—they ensure the health and happiness of your baby—AND THEY ARE ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

Box of 20 Powders — 1/6

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Fashion PATTERNS



F4481.—Here is dream loveliness for your trousseau. Lingerie set comprises nightgown, slip, and dainty scanties. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. wide and 1yd. lace for nightgown; 2½yds. 36in. wide, 1yd. 36in. wide lace, and 4yds. lace edging for slip; 1yd. 36in. wide and 2yds. lace edging for scanties. Pattern 2/8.

F4482.—Smartly tailored suit for smarter summer wear. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. wide. Pattern 1/8.

F4484



F4483.—New American button-up frock for all-time wear. Focal point is the new push-up sleeves. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide and 1yd. contrast. Pattern 1/8.

F4484.—Charming accompaniment for your summer sports. Note the little keyhole neckline and Peter Pan collar. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 36in. wide and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Pattern 1/8.



F4482



F4483

F4485.—Appropriately designed for light summer wear, this lovely frock is right for you. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern 1/8.



F4485

TO ORDER: Fashion Patterns can be had from our Pattern Dept. If ordering by mail write to address given on page 33.



Quick Relief for your TIRED, ACHING FEET

Women often say they could almost cry with the aches and pains of their poor, tired feet. But thousands know the blessed relief that comes from bathing the feet in warm water and rubbing them with Zam-Buk.

The swelling is reduced; irritation and aching are soothed away. Your feet feel comforted and refreshed because Zam-Buk contains refined medicinal oils which remove the cause of the trouble.

Soothing, healing and antiseptic Zam-Buk is also splendid for the treatment of cuts, poisoned wounds, bruises, burns, pimples, rashes, blotches, eczema, etc.

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1/6, of all chemists

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AUNT MARY'S
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